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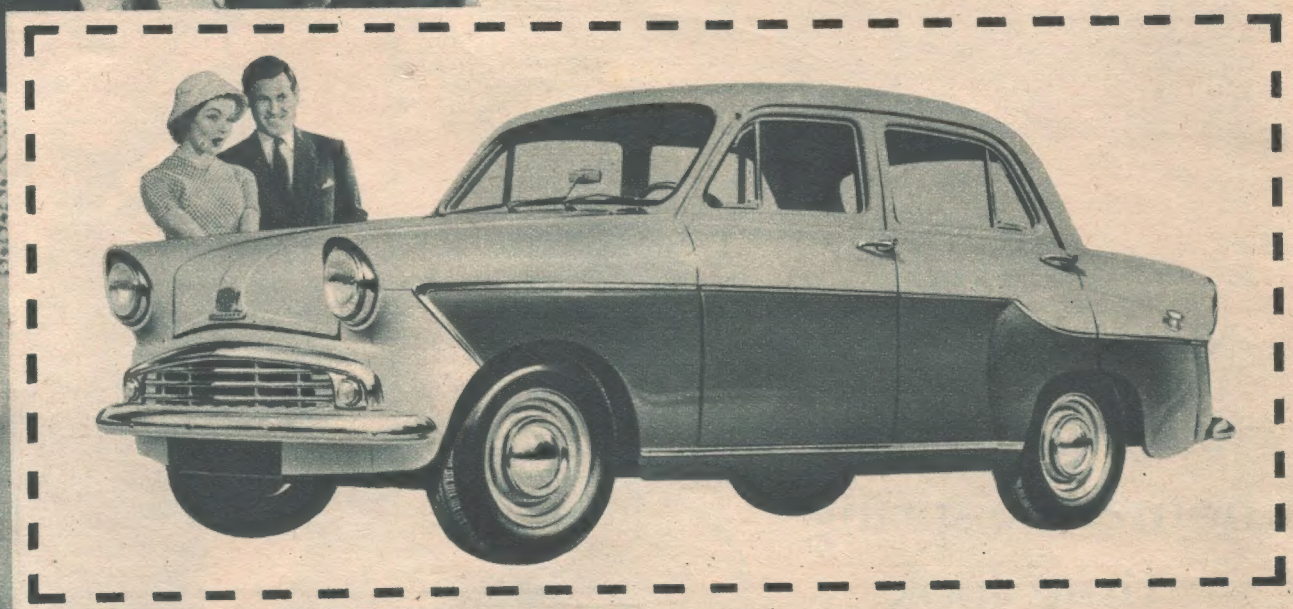

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The Cover

IN the spring a young man's fancy turns to flowers—if he's wise. But this Romeo is an odd man out in knowing that it pays to pin your hopes on a posy. "My flower seller," says cover artist Laurent, "tells me that modern young lovers seem too shy to say it with flowers. Her best male customers are thoughtful (or conscience stricken) husbands—and little boys taking tulips to Teacher." But blooms make more than a splash of colour; in Britain they sell for £60 million a year

Free Speech

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

The Friendly Londoners

I'VE lived in a small village where everybody knew everybody else's business and there was supposed to be a friendly community spirit.

I now live in London where most people are supposed to be oblivious to each other and lack the neighbourly feeling altogether.

The whole thing is a myth. In the village we all gossiped behind each other's backs, and one could never tell who was a friend and who would tear you to pieces when you weren't there.

In London the unneighbourliness really means that most people like to live their own lives without undue interference.

But in a crisis the Londoner is as ready to help as anyone. I couldn't have kept my home going when my wife went down with flu without the help of neighbours with whom I had previously hardly exchanged a word.

Give me the big-city dweller anytime. — ROBERT NELSON, Streatham, London, S.W.2.

Moaning For Progress

It seems to be popular today to blame everything on the last war. I hear many people moaning that, because of the war, teenagers cannot settle down. They talk of restlessness as if it were a crime.

But the restless don't always look for trouble—they are often struggling to make progress.

Let the moaners *and* the teenagers remember that the parents of today were the restless teenagers of the first war.

Grandfather was probably the troublesome boy of the Boer War, and great-grandparents were no doubt upset by the Crimean War.

Let us all, parents and teenagers alike, stop looking back—the future is the period that is important to us all.—J. WAREING, Andrew Street, Preston, Lancs.

Dogs In Doubt

I hope that readers of your recent serial (*The Last Frontier*) will not take too seriously Alistair MacLean's description of the Dobermann Pinscher as "vicious, terrible fighting dogs."

The Dobe, as he is affectionately known, was bred from the beginning as a guard, but in addition he is, in fact, an excellent companion, intensely loyal and of superb intelligence.

Because of his mercurial nature the untrained Dobermann is inclined to be a little noisy and rather mischievous, but these are the limits of his faults.—MRS. A. C. BUCKLEY, Lonsdale Road, Barnes, London, S.W.13.

. . . While in War Crimes Group (N.W.E.) I knew one of these dogs which was said to have killed at least ten men during the last war.

One look at him and nobody would doubt MacLean's statement that they are the most vicious and terrible fighting dogs in the world.—A. W. SHERRING, Doyle Gardens, London, N.W.10.

Test From Behind

When I passed my test in 1935 the examiner sat in the rear passenger seat, but after accompanying several friends to their tests, I have never seen the examiner sit in the back since.

Was this a common practice for

examiners before the war?—WILLIAM WILSON, Byron Avenue, Boldon Colliery, Co. Durham.

"When the tests were first instituted in 1935 some candidates were so nervous that the examiner sat in the back seat to put them at ease," says the Ministry of Transport. "However, it is usual now for the examiner to sit with the driver during the test."

A Legal Knock

I have been told that according to law no person has the right when calling at a house to proceed to the back door, unless there is a notice about a tradesman's entrance.

Could a householder take action if someone does go to the back entrance without permission?—L. READ, Chatham, Kent.

"Anybody can come to your door if he or she has a lawful reason," says a lawyer.

"The householder may not think the reason is lawful and ask the caller to leave—but no offence has been committed.

"And I have never heard of any difference in law between front and back doors."

The Good Books

A seventy-eight year old man asked me if I could tell him how many books there were in the Bible. I could not.

He asked me to spell Old Testament and tell him how many letters the words contained.

"Three and nine," I replied. "That's right," he said. "Thirty-nine."

He then repeated the instruction for the New Testament. The answer again was three and nine.

"Multiply them," he said. The result, twenty-seven, was the number of books in the New Testament.

With this interesting method I shall never forget again how many books there are in the Bible. —MRS. DOROTHY SPENCER, Walkern, Stevenage, Herts.

Safety For Sardines

In the interests of safety the law lays down maximum loads which goods vehicles may carry; buses and coaches display notices stating their top limit; lifts invariably have a total capacity; aircraft loads are carefully stipulated; and the purpose of the Plimsoll Line on ships is well known.

Yet, on suburban and underground railways the limiting factor seems to be only when it is physically impossible for another passenger to be squashed in.

Does this mean the safety margin is so high that it is impossible for the train to be overloaded?—H. T., Bookham, Surrey.

"The simple answer is that from the safety angle it is impossible to overload a suburban railway or Tube train," says the British Transport Commission.

"The coaches are so strongly constructed that the weight factor cannot affect the safety margin.

"As far as passenger comfort is concerned, to keep down the numbers we would need an enormous staff and services would be greatly delayed."

Adopted Looks

Recently I have met several adopted children and was struck by their remarkable resemblance to their foster parents.

This led me to wonder whether this was just coincidence, or whether adopted children do, in fact, become similar to their foster parents—not

only in character and mannerisms but also in appearance.—NEIL FINDLAY, Ballater Road, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.

"There's real justification for thinking adopted children will grow like their foster parents," says a doctor.

"Not only will they pick up habits, hair styles, mannerisms and facial expressions with the usual childish mimicry, but the very fact that they will eat the same food will eventually make the child similar in general appearance to the adult.

"To take an extreme example; if the adults habitually overeat the child, too, will become plump."

Past Learning

The key to understanding the world we live in is to be found in history. To some extent politicians learned from the history of the first World War not to repeat its mistakes after the second.

But why does school history generally end at 1914? If youngsters knew about the errors of judgment which caused the last war they might be able to stop another. —J. TAYLOR, Bedford.

Age No Barrier

Perhaps the Rev. Bernard Croft is right when he says ("Free Speech," February 28) that a man in his early twenties is too young to be an M.P., a priest or a deacon, but I cannot accept his reason—that he is too young to take the responsibility.

Such a lot is spoken about the youth of today—but no one says he is too young to fight at eighteen, fly jets at twenty or command a fighting unit before his middle twenties.

All ages are capable of accepting or shirking responsibilities. For the professions he mentions, I believe a man needs the experience of age.

The trouble is that the youngster

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

today is rarely given the chance. Another war would show the stuff they are made of. Let us show more confidence in them now and give them the vote at eighteen. —E. M. SKELTON, Belmore Road, Lymington, Hants.

. . . The Rev. Bernard Croft might like to be reminded that the Lord ended his ministry before He was forty years of age.

That is to say, twenty-five years before the age at which a politician can be expected to be eligible for the Prime Ministership. Nobody knows how young men would do—they have not been tested.—ROBERT HARRIS, Winnersh, Wokingham, Berks.

No Outcry Now

Several years ago there was a general outcry about the amount of interference on TV. We were urged to buy suppressors.

Now that everyone has a set the outcry has died down. In fact, often I cannot listen to the radio because of whistles, wheezes and whines from neighbouring TV sets.

The solution—I must buy a VHF receiver. Does anyone sell suppressors for TV sets?—W. SENIOR, Elmdale Road, Earl Shilton, Leicester.

For The Record

A friend of mine has had a good idea for people having houses built. He took photographs of his house at each stage in its construction.

If he has any trouble with spaces under floorboards he has pictures of how the joints are placed, which saves time and inconvenience.—MRS. J. GOODWIN, Holbrooks, Coventry.

Jock's All Right

In Scotland there are no universal public holidays similar to the English bank holiday, except at Christmas and the New Year—and not everywhere at Christmas. Instead, every two months from April to October there are different local public holidays for each town. This means that one does not travel in large crowds nor drive on congested roads. If you are visiting other towns the shops are open.

What a pity the English do not copy this idea and enjoy their bank holidays in comfort. When I lived in England I always stayed at home on such days. — MRS. E. CASE, Duncanstone, Insch, Aberdeenshire.

Subsidy For Chris

Mr. Chataway's views on life seem to me to be extremely hypocritical. He talks glibly (JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, February 14) about people—presumably he means working-class people, as do most of his type—being cosseted. Yet, being a product of a university, he has already had more money spent on him than I shall earn in a lifetime.

The money did not come from the sweat of Mr. Chataway's brow. If the Conservatives wish to stay in office they should disown people with such a pompous and inhuman outlook.—EDGAR TOPHAM, Madeira Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.

"My son went to Oxford on a Surrey County scholarship," says Mrs. Chataway.

Doc Won't Tell

In my doctor's surgery recently the telephone rang. Explaining the interruption, he said it was the employer of one of his patients inquiring about the possible date of going back to work, and whether the patient could be considered a malingerer.

Is this practice general?—A. V. STEPHENS, Loreburn Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, 15.

"It would be unethical for a doctor to give any detailed information about a patient to a third person without the patient's consent," says the British Medical Association.

"The doctor issues a certificate which is a private matter between the patient and himself. The question of whether an employee is a malingerer or not is then up to the employer to decide. No doctor would give an opinion."

Racket on the sidelines

Angela Buxton gave up tennis stardom to fight the toughest battle of her life—in the war over tennis fashions. Read her story

NEXT WEEK

Whose road is it?

Two cars into one lane won't go. That's the simple arithmetic of Britain's road problem. And when two cars become ten, then ten a hundred, you have the traffic jams with which everyone is familiar. At that moment, the danger has its source. Delay leads to impatience. Impatience leads to anger, and finally to desperation. You can read about the outcome in your newspaper every day.

To everyone with a family to feed, inadequate and overloaded roads mean still more. The delays, diversions, hold-ups and snails-pace crawling inevitably mean lower quality commodities at higher cost.

The need is clearly defined : speed our transport, cut our costs, increase travel safety. The whole of Britain looks to the day when a network of fast, safe highways will provide the nation with the traffic-capacity it must have. The need is not going unrecognized. Already, millions of tons of earth have been cleared, vast stretches of land levelled, and new roads laid. Such are the giant tasks that are presenting the earth-moving industry with its greatest-yet responsibility . . . a responsibility that the industry is proud to shoulder.

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Gripping new romantic thriller by the author of 'The Cruel Sea'

The Thousand Islands Snatch

ON the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, where the river widened yet further to become Lac St. Louis, a small trim motor-launch was at anchor. In the motor-launch three men sat waiting.

One of them, a small bald man by the name of Curly Bates, was pretending to fish. The second, an Italian, was day-dreaming as usual of women and violence. The third man, who was called Paxton, was the only one doing any work; and the work he was doing at that moment was to stare up river, through his 10 x 50 binoculars.

Away from the watching boat, it was a lazy June afternoon; the American bank of the river was almost lost in the heat-haze; on the Canadian side there was only the activity at the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club—sails hoisted and lowered, power cruisers sliding in and out, yachts moving like drifting paper boats in the still air.

Presently Curly Bates—he who was pretending to fish—looked up from his task, jerking his trailing line irritably. "Hey, Pax!" he called out over his shoulder. He had a flat, nasal Cockney voice, product of a childhood spent, forty years earlier, in a London slum. "Hey, Pax! Tell us something."

Dino, the big Italian, turned. "What's eating you, Curly?"

"Hey, Pax!" repeated Curly Bates. He did not like Dino, did not trust him, did not want to talk to him. His loyalty was towards Paxton, and his only job was to run the motor-launch—their floating get-away car.

Paxton, still intent, threw over his shoulder: "What is it?"

"What happens if they change their minds, go somewhere else?"

"You nuts?" interrupted Dino crudely. "This job was set up six months ago."

Paxton turned to face them. "Don't worry your head, Curly. Men like John Harper Harrison don't change their minds. If you've got that amount of dough, you plan ahead, see? If he says he'll spend fifteen days in June on the Canadian side of the Saint Lawrence, he'll do just that. If he says his boat will berth at the yacht club here on June the twelfth, that's the day it will berth. If his daughter's going to be with him, then his daughter's going to be with him."

"That daughter," interjected Dino. He kissed his fat brown fingers. "I seen photographs. It'll be a pleasure."

"Besides, if there's a change of plan," continued Paxton, ignoring him, "Joe would tell us. What do you think we've got him on board for?"

He raised his binoculars again; Curly Bates let out a few more feet of line; Dino subsided against the back of the motor-boat's rear seat. Silence returned to the launch.

It was half an hour later that Paxton, after hard staring towards one particular point of the south-west channel, said suddenly: "There she is now."

ALL three watched the motor-cruiser coming down the river, changing from a bright pinpoint to a definite shape and size, emerging at last as a tough craft with a creamy bow wave; passing successive channel markers, passing Pointe Claire, making for the red buoy near which they were anchored, turning at last towards the yacht club and her appointed berth.

She was gleaming white, with two long mahogany cabin-tops; she passed near enough for them to read her name and port of registry on the stern: Shearwater. R.Y.C. Rochester, N.Y.

When she was close by, Paxton dropped his binoculars. To Dino he said: "Look the other way, you damn fool." A moment later, when the cruiser was stern-on to them, making for the Canadian shore, he said softly: "That's Joe, peeking out of the galley. . . . Harrison's got the wheel. . . . There's the girl in the cockpit . . . looks like we're in business. . . ."

They knew a great deal about the Shearwater, these three, and they knew more still about John Harper Harrison, her owner, and his daughter Ellen; this boat and her complement, indeed, had been their exclusive preoccupation for the last six months. They knew that Harrison (a widower, steel and airline interests, taxable income about $280,000 a year) was on his annual month's cruise in the Shearwater, and that this year it was the St. Lawrence River, between Lake Ontario and Quebec. (Last year it had been the Florida Keys; the year before that, Bermuda.)

They knew that the daughter (eighteen, good-looking, always in and out of the gossip columns) was with him, and that she liked going out alone in the small launch (sixteen feet, twenty-two knots) which Shearwater carried with her, slung in davits amidships. They knew that Shearwater herself was sixty-two feet long, with twin diesels (fourteen knots), and carried five people in all—Harrison, his daughter, a professional skipper, a mechanic-deckhand, and Joe the steward (their steward). They had known that she was due at the Royal St. Lawrence today, and that she would stay there a maximum of five days.

They knew the police set-up at the nearest township, Dorval; they knew in what circumstances the Royal Canadian Mounted Police might be called in; they knew the details and limitations of local liaison with the F.B.I. They knew the extent of the river patrols in the Thousand Islands area, one hundred and fifty miles up river. Finally, they knew that the maximum penalty for kidnapping in Canada was life imprisonment, as against an almost certain death sentence in forty-two of the forty-nine United States.

"All right," said Paxton, when they had watched Shearwater safely berthed, and John Harper Harrison had strolled ashore like a visiting royalty. "We'll go ahead as planned. Curly, start her up, and go up river to Pointe Claire. . . . Dino, you'll go ashore there, pick up the car, go down to the yacht club, make contact with Joe. We'll all meet at nine o'clock tonight at the Drion motel."

"Suppose Joe can't get ashore?" queried Dino, as Curly wound in his line and prepared to start the motor.

"You'll have to wait," Paxton told him curtly. "Joe will find a way somehow—stands to reason he's got to buy supplies, or fix up fresh milk, or collect the mail, or something. Just wait for him. *Don't* go near the cruiser yourself. *Don't* take the car into the yacht club grounds. Let Joe make the move."

Their engine sputtered into life, and he began to haul in the anchor line, hand over hand. "There's only one more thing we want from Joe," said Paxton. "And that is, how long they're going to stay there. Then we can set the time for the snatch."

JOHN HARPER HARRISON, who was a big man even when he was sitting down, glared across the lunch table at his daughter's empty chair. Late again, by thunder! There wasn't a man in New York who would dare do this to him. . . . He was a man much given to glaring.

"Joe!" he called out brusquely.

Joaquin Barzan, who had been staring out across the lake in a manner which might have been vacant, came to life. He was small, dark, and nervous.

"Sir wants?" he asked, looking fixedly at John Harper Harrison's Palm Beach shirt.

"Did you tell my daughter lunch was ready?"

"Sir, yes."

"Where was she?"

Joaquin pointed ashore. "Over club house, sir."

John Harper Harrison grunted. It was not a reassuring sound. Then the glare subsided gently to a grin. Ellen was late because she was young, and enjoying herself with a lot of other kids, and who but an old fool of a doting father could be jealous of that?

Observing the grin and the general air of magnanimity, Joaquin Barzan plucked up the necessary fortitude.

"Sir," he said, "how long we stay here, please?"

John Harper Harrison, who had been contemplating with due pride of ownership the way in which Shearwater's upper deck curved gracefully towards the bows, said: "What's that, Joe?"

To a man with a bad conscience, it sounded faintly menacing, but Joaquin had an appointed task as well as a conscience. He summoned his courage afresh: "How long we stay here, please sir?"

HARRISON knit his brows. "Who wants to know? I'll tell the skipper when I'm ready to move."

Joaquin licked his lips. "Sir, must buy vegetables, milk, ice-cubes——"

"All right, all right," said Harrison, prepared to be testy again. "You can plan on four or five days."

It was not definite enough for Joaquin, but he did not dare to push the thing farther. Instead, lifting his eyes towards the end of the dock, he said: "Sir, daughter come now."

"About time, too," growled John Harper Harrison. Then he surrendered to the pleasure of watching his daughter approach.

The lawns of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club—beautifully laid out, shaded by great trees, contained at their margin by boat docks, floating pontoons, and a huge assortment of craft—were a fit setting for a girl who was really very beautiful indeed. Of course (thought John Harper Harrison, who had made $12 million by being a perfectionist) she still dressed in the absurd way that all the kids affected nowadays—blue jeans that any self-respecting labourer would have thrown away at the week's end, a "top" which would scarcely have served her mother as a handkerchief—but the total effect was certainly there. . . .

Now she stepped on board, tossed her beach bag aside, sat down at the table under the canopy, all in a graceful series of movements which deserved, perhaps, a wider audience.

"Hi, Daddy!"

"Hi Daddy nothing!" growled John Harper Harrison. "I'm hungry, you're late. . . . If you can't get up for breakfast, you might at least be in time for lunch."

"You wouldn't want to see me at breakfast," said Ellen, with practised evasion. "I look perfectly horrible."

Harrison surveyed his daughter, as Joe served the iced *consommé*. "Are you enjoying yourself, baby?"

"Oh, yes. I always do on these trips. I loved that run from Kingston. Those Thousand Islands are cute. And that Seaway Project!"

"It's a good construction job," said her father, who did not waste praise on

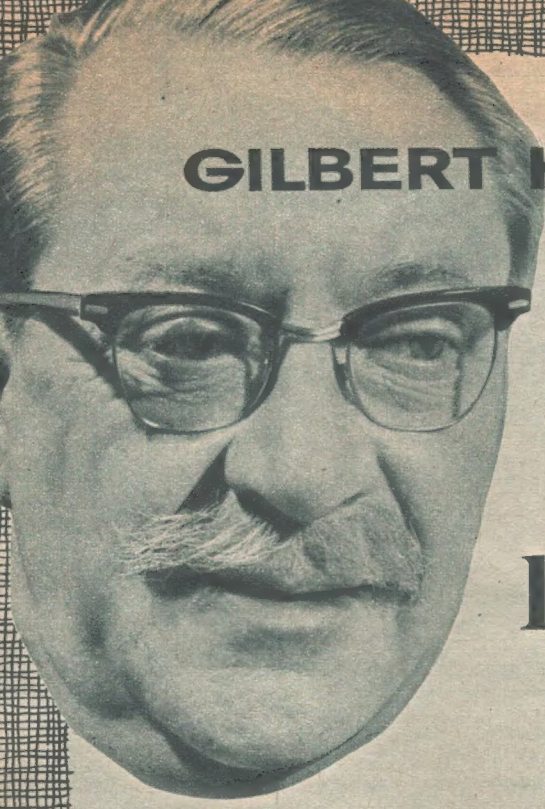
Ellen had one shield against the gunmen—

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

"Stand up," said the man behind the gun. "But nice and slow. Because I am just a bundle of nerves"

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

a boy friend who wouldn't fight



GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

I never really lose my temper

How I wish that more people knew the difference between rudeness and bad temper and anger. We could do with far less rudeness and bad temper (I am aware that I live in a house of the most fragile glass), but I am certain that most of us are not angry enough.

It is rudeness to be deliberately unkind to anyone or to make "personal" remarks about others' appearance, accent or origin. It is rude not to ask others if you may smoke while they are eating, and not to offer seats to elderly or heavily laden women. (Young women can stand up.)

We get near the heart of the matter if we say that genuinely good manners always show an awareness of what the other fellow is feeling.

I like the story—true or not—of King Edward VII drinking the water from his finger-bowl to put at ease a guest who had made that mistake. It illustrates what I feel most strongly—that the people who adhere strictly to a code of manners cannot be *well* mannered.

The less said about bad temper the better. I have a quite undeserved reputation for losing my temper in public.

You do not know my temper. I claim that my behaviour on the air has usually been remarkably restrained. I have never given vent to the full force of all my pent-up feelings. When I have come near to doing so, the cause, if not the excuse, has been bad manners and bad health.

To lose your temper is always to waste time. I am always sorry afterwards.

I boil with anger

There need be no remorse after anger. I was angry, not rude, and certainly not bad tempered, when I once clashed with a news-vendor on *What's My Line?* In the course of our attempts to find his occupation, I asked if he was engaged "in trade or distribution." For some reason, he said that he was not.

Imprecision does make me angry. I am prepared to argue about a definition, for such things matter.

That was a little matter and we were soon friends again. There are, however, much graver issues that make me boil with anger.

For example, nobody was more delighted than I when the smokeless zones were created. Smog is the last, great, beastly plague.

You would think that smokeless fuel would be readily available once the laws were passed. But not on your life!

This winter it has been hard to come by and mine has gone up by elevenpence a hundredweight. "It's going to the smokeless zones" I was told, when I tried to get some. And at first I believed that. But imagine my anger when I found out that at Willenhall, one of the first smokeless zones in the Midlands, they, too, were whistling for it.

For a long time I have blazed with shame and indignation at our treatment of the mentally ill. The scant provision, the dubious treatment received, the public indifference and the official hostility to reforms add up to the social crime of the century.

The people's voice

We have, now, the better-late-than-never Mental Health Bill. All honour to the two angry men, Norman Dodds and Dr. Donald Johnson, who did so much to bring it about: and to the civil servants who have supported them.

As a people we are slow to anger. Too often we talk about abstractions, such as "mental health." We don't hear enough about *people*. We would be angrier if we did.

I am; perhaps, angrier than most because I constantly hear the voice of the people who add up to a problem, in letters they write to me.

I am often angry with the Post Office. I was particularly indignant, the other day, on behalf of a soldier's mother who was convinced that she had been overcharged for a bit of birthday cake which she had sent out to her son in Cyprus.

I found the Post Office apologists to be about as receptive as the back of a pillar box, which, of course, only increased my anger and determination to get something done.

Then I had the good fortune to meet the Postmaster-General, and I had that woman's letter in my pocket. It is harder than we think for "them" to hear about "us," but the single hard case *is* important and, I am glad to say, Ernest Marples thought so, too.

But what would have happened if that mother's indignation had not penetrated my indolence and sparked off my anger? Nothing.

The so-called Angry Young Men, though sartorially scruffy, have always had my sympathy. Bright young men (and women) have always been angry. The wool has not yet been pulled over their eyes; the very idea of an injustice makes them angry; they have not to have hard cases thrust under their noses before their heart begins to jog their head.

Anger is not mere top-blowing, sound and fury signifying nothing. It is (believe an angry, middle-aged man) the heart sparking off the head to produce a bang that will make folk sit up. THE END

continued from page 6

other people's efforts. "Do you like it here, too?"

"Very much."

"Lots of boys?"

"Lots."

"What about Greg?"

Ellen tossed her head, in a very old-fashioned way. "Oh—him!"

"Oh—him!" mimicked John Harper Harrison.

"A month ago, young lady, we heard nothing but Greg Perring this, Greg Perring that. He was going to co-ordinate the entire field of science and philosophy, and you were going to marry him. What's happened since then?"

Ellen, giving most of her attention to the breast-of-duck which Joe had conjured from the galley hatch, shrugged. "He's so feeble. . . . To begin with, he ought to be here. I'm here," she went on, "so why isn't he? Montreal is only a couple of miles away."

"Perhaps he's working," said John Harper Harrison, in a tone meant to be mildly sarcastic. "You know—work. . . . He's a scientist, not one of those darned fly-by-night playboys. And if he said he'll meet you, he'll meet you."

Ellen regarded her father. "I thought you didn't like Greg."

"I don't like him because he isn't good enough for you," said John Harper Harrison. "But if anyone is, then he is."

"He hasn't got any money."

"Neither had I."

"And he's so serious."

"The world today could use a bit of that."

"And so feeble." She repeated the word with relish.

"What does that mean, exactly?"

"It means," said his daughter inconsequently, "that he lets me have my own way. He doesn't believe in fighting."

"Is that a crime?"

"It's worse—it's annoying. . . ."

Many people must have watched Shearwater's launch leave harbour after lunch. Ellen Harper Harrison was not the sort of girl to escape notice. But two men were closely concerned. Her father, waving, shouted: "Take care of yourself!" and she called back: "I'll be all right—I'm only going up river to sunbathe." Joaquin Barzan also watched her, trying not to see the other launch anchored out in mid-stream, the launch he could now recognize from a hundred others.

For three long days, from first light till sundown, the three men in the motor-boat watched all that went on aboard Shearwater. They altered their observation post from day to day, sometimes moving upstream, sometimes anchoring in the shallows off Dorval Island; but always they kept the big motor cruiser clearly in their sights. The daily timetable which Paxton was thus able to formulate was disconcertingly detailed, formidably correct.

At eight o'clock Joe would go ashore, coming back with various small burdens which were probably fresh milk, or the mail, or both. He always looked towards them, but he made no sign at any time. At nine, John Harper Harrison breakfasted under the awning on deck; he was alone on each occasion, and he read his newspaper with deliberate care. Between ten and eleven his daughter appeared, stayed to chat with him and then went for a stroll ashore. Perhaps half a dozen people would gather on board towards lunch time; they were mostly young men.

After lunch, the same thing always happened; Shearwater's small launch was brought alongside, and the girl sped off upstream, making for her favourite sunbathing spot. She never took anybody with her; she beached her boat at the same deserted point on the shore, four or five miles away: she stayed the same length of time, about three hours.

When she came back, more stray visitors would gather under the awning; as the sun went down, Shearwater's lights came on, and the men in the watching motor-boat called it a day, and made for their own homing-point, the yacht jetty at Pointe Claire, the next village upstream. There they berthed their boat, picked up the car, and returned to their motel.

After three days of this, with no other move and no explanatory word from Paxton, Dino, brash and obtrusive, asked: "Got it figured, Pax?"

"Maybe," said Paxton shortly. He was lying on his bed in the motel room, sipping whisky, staring at the ceiling. Dino was lounging on the other bed; Curly Bates sat in the armchair, tinkering with a section of the boat's steering mechanism, which needed slight repairs.

"When we make a start, hey?" said Dino.

"When we're good and ready."

There was silence. Curly Bates adjusted a screw; Dino flexed his muscles. Then Paxton said: "We've got to get hold of Joe again. Just to make sure. . . ." He rolled over. "Curly, you'd better go this time: Dino's been around the yacht club too much already." His face, intent on planning and commanding, took on a bleak concentration. "Go down in the car, make contact with Joe. He'll be hanging about near the boat, if he's got any sense. But stay under the trees, where it's dark. If he can get time off, bring him straight back here so that I can talk to him. If not, ask him if he's got any more news, if he knows when they're sailing."

"Okay, boss," said Curly Bates. He put the piece of steering mechanism down and got up slowly.

"And don't get picked up," said Paxton. "They've got watchmen, remember. Just stay out of sight."

"Better let me go, Pax," said Dino. "I look more like a club member, yes?"

"You look more like a dog's dinner," said Curly Bates. He was putting on his coat. "Trust me, boss. I'll bring him back."

Joaquin Barzan was ill at ease. The garish lights of the motel room bothered his eyes; Paxton's gaze was too close, too probing; Dino's disdain too obvious. Only Curly Bates was prepared to be generous and companionable.

"Let's get it straight," said Paxton, for the third time. "Do you know for sure when you're moving?"

"Day after tomorrow," answered Joaquin. "That is, I think so."

"Think?"

"I ask twice already," said Joaquin, miserably. The air round him seemed thick with suspicion and contempt, as if, whatever he said, these people would take it at only half its face value. "I'm afraid to ask again."

"What you afraid of?" asked Dino.

"Too many questions," said Joaquin. "Make suspicion."

Dino snorted. "Too many questions," he mimicked. "What you think you put on boat for? Serve cocktails? Make beds? You want easy money, hey, Joe?'

"I work hard," said Joaquin. "Find things out, come and make report."

"Big deal!"

"Cut it out," said Paxton. "How many times do I have to tell you, we all have a job to do?" He gave each one of them in turn a hard stare. "Now listen, all of you. Today's Monday. If they're likely to move off on Wednesday, we'll have to do the job tomorrow. We're quite far enough from the Thousand Islands base as it is—hundred and fifty miles; say, seven hours—and we can't risk letting them get any farther away. Next stop might be Quebec City. . . . So that means tomorrow."

They were all looking at him—ready for the long-planned action and yet now, when they were on the brink of it, touched by doubts. Paxton, aware of this, swung his feet off the bed and sat up straight, assuming full control by this one simple action.

"Curly, take Joe back to the yacht club now. . . . Joe, settle down on board again, don't open your mouth, don't try to get in touch with us. Above

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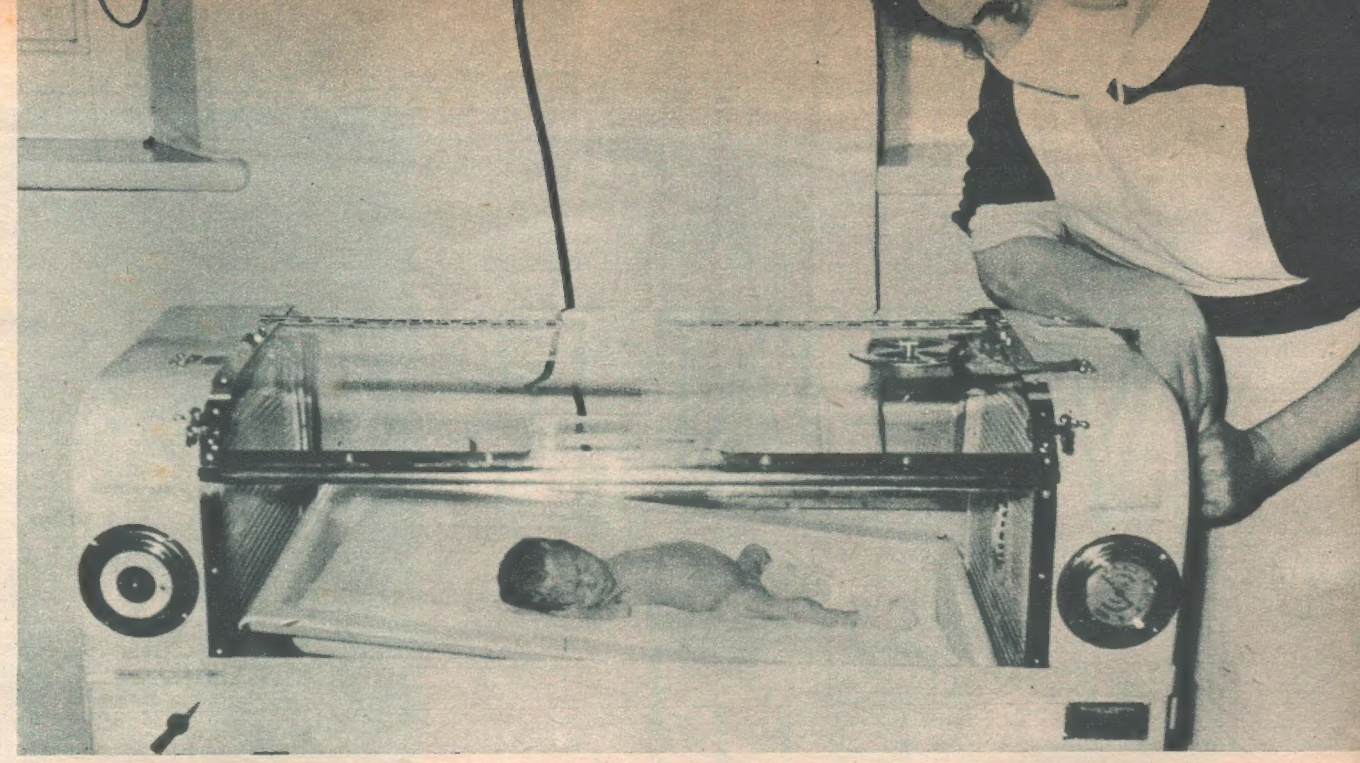

Baby Karen was nursed day and night from birth. Here, at five weeks, she weighs only 1 lb. 15 oz.

The battle to save My 1½lb baby

by BARBARA THOMAS

For fifteen weeks the doctors fought for my daughter's life. All I could do was to pray—even when she stopped breathing

Sister Dennett and a ward maid watch as Barbara Thomas holds the baby she thought could not live

It was six o'clock in the morning, and the doctor was saying: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Thomas, but I'm afraid you are going to lose your baby. I'll call for an ambulance to get you to Billinge Maternity Hospital where they'll take good care of you. Don't be too disappointed, you've time to have plenty more."

The news made no immediate impact on my mind. Perhaps the pain of the last few hours had numbed it. I remember wondering, irrelevantly, if the doctor was wearing a shirt under his high-necked sweater.

Jack and I had been married three years, planning our family to begin when he had finished working for his Doctor of Philosophy degree. Now, on Sunday, May 18, 1958, our first baby was arriving—three months too early.

The realization that our many small but happily cherished plans for the infant were ending came to me when I heard the ambulance arrive. I cried as Jack helped me down the stairs of our home in Wigan.

One of the ambulance men who were waiting in the hall had known me when I was younger. "Come on, Barbara, you'll be all right. It happens to thousands of people," he said.

"But I don't want it to happen to me," I replied. "I don't want to lose my baby."

I was put straight to bed in the prenatal ward at the hospital and screened off while a nurse prepared to examine me. Within ten minutes the baby was born and I saw the nurse leave the bedside hurriedly with a small bundle wrapped in a sheet.

After a short while Jack, who had been waiting outside the ward, came in. There was a look of surprise on his face. "It's a girl," he said, "and she's alive."

"Alive? She can't be."

"She's alive," he insisted. "She's in an incubator in the hospital's premature baby unit. But I don't think she can live long. She's incredibly small. She weighs a pound and eight ounces."

Jack explained that a small premature baby had no resistance to infection and that even a slight cold could prove fatal. Lack of oxygen due to difficulty in breathing meant a possibility of pneumonia; lack of vitality meant a sluggish circulation. After the

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WINE and SILVER

by J. C. MASTERMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

Callender was the perfect butler. Perhaps a man of such polish should be permitted one small slip . . .

BRENDEL sank into an armchair in the Common Room smoking-room and helped himself to that crumpet on the dish which he judged to hold the most butter. "It's pleasant to be back again in this peaceful atmosphere," he said, "even for only a short week-end, and in June, too."

Prendergast coughed irritably. "Unfortunately," he said, "the atmosphere is far from peaceful. Three days ago a crime was committed in Saint Thomas's, and we've all been miserable ever since."

"We might at least tell Brendel what it's all about," suggested Gresham, who was sitting with Tennant on the other side of the fireplace.

"By all means," said Prendergast, "tell him the whole story."

"No, you are the lawyer."

"All right," said Prendergast. "Here goes. Let me see, today is Saturday, so the theft took place on Wednesday evening.

"The Trefusis cup is the greatest piece of silver which the college possesses—indeed I doubt if there is anything finer in Oxford. It was given to us by Trefusis, who was a Fellow here some time in the eighteenth century. He left the cup to the college in his will. It's a beautiful piece, simple in design but astonishingly graceful and aristocratic. It was perhaps the work of Benjamin Pyne; it was certainly at one time in the possession of Queen Anne, for her monogram is stamped on it. It gave a sort of regal distinction to the table in the Common Room when we had it displayed there."

"Was Wednesday a special occasion then?" asked Brendel.

"Oh, no, not at all. But you must know that we are having a conversation piece painted of some of the Fellows sitting round the table in the Common Room, and we had the cup in the centre of the table. Roger Foster is the artist—he's a cousin of Prendergast, you know, though of course that's not the reason why we chose him—and I'm bound to say that to my untutored eye it seems to have the makings of a very good picture. It's about two-thirds done—I'll show it to you later on, and you'll meet Roger at dinner.

"Well, we've had the cup on the table whenever we've had a sitting, and so it was there on Wednesday, when Roger, if I remember rightly, was chiefly engaged in getting the right tone for Gresham's hair, or what there is left of it."

GRESHAM was amused. "Don't digress, Prendergast," he said. "Go on with the story."

"Right. When the sitting was over, we called in Callender and told him to put the cup away. You know Callender?"

"Of course," Brendel said. "Our Common Room Butler. He has been with you for a very long time, I think."

"Yes. He must be over seventy, and I know that he came as a pantry boy when he was fifteen. I think he has been Common Room butler for thirty or thirty-five years, and I don't think that it would be an exaggeration to say that the wine cellar and the silver are the two ruling passions of his life."

Brendel said: "And what happened when Callender removed the cup?"

"That's where the mystery begins. He took it back into his pantry, which is next door to the Common Room, in order to lock it up, and. . . ."

"A moment, please," Brendel said. "Where is the cup generally kept?"

"Oh, I should have told you that. In the ordinary way it is locked up in the plate cupboard, which has a steel door and a combination lock, but Callender also has a large safe in his pantry in which he puts the silver which is actually in use."

"And how many keys of the safe are there?"

Prendergast laughed. "Nothing doing there, Brendel," he said. "Callender has one key which he always keeps on a key ring in his pocket, and there is another kept in the Porter's Lodge in case Callender loses his. But he never has lost it, and the key in the Lodge has never been used in my lifetime. I had a look at it myself after

Immediately the butler turned his back, Brendel produced a torch and flashed it along the racks of dusty bottles

the theft and found it all smothered in dust."

"I see," said Brendel slowly, "so Callender's key is the only one we need consider. Now what did he do when he took the cup back to the pantry?"

"On Wednesday night there were two others besides himself in the pantry—there was John Hopkins the under-butler, who has been with us for six or seven years. And a youngster of twenty or so whom we call William—I don't know what his real name is—who has just finished his national service and who has worked in the Common Room only for a couple of months.

"The stories of all these chaps tally exactly. Callender took the cup into the pantry and gave it a rub, though, God knows, it didn't need any cleaning. Then he locked it into the box in which we keep it—an oak box, lined with green baize. The key for that is on his key ring, too. Then he put the box into the safe, and locked the safe. The three of them cleared up in the pantry and went home to bed. When the safe was unlocked next morning, the box was simply not there."

"How big was the box?" said Brendel.

"About eighteen inches high, perhaps, and a foot or so in depth."

"And what about the keys of the pantry itself?"

"Callender has a key, and so has Hopkins, and once again there's a spare in the Lodge. On Thursday morning Callender was in first and opened the pantry door. He didn't unlock the safe until after Hopkins had arrived."

"Then it seems that Callender must have taken the cup out of the safe himself."

"Nonsense," said Tennant. "Callender lives for the sake of the wine and the silver. He's broken-hearted."

"Of course Callender is wholly beyond suspicion," said Gresham. "And so for that matter is John Hopkins. I can't think myself that there's any mystery about it. Callender is getting old; no doubt he thinks that he locked the box and put it at once into the safe, but in fact he must have left it on one side. William put it in a corner; Callender locked up the safe without the box being inside, and William carried off the box later in the evening. That's my reconstruction, and it will turn out to be right. We ought to put the police on to William, unpleasant though it will be."

"No, no," said Tennant. "We can't do that. There's no proof at all, and we could never wash our dirty linen in public. I'd rather lose the cup."

Prendergast nodded. "I think I agree, though not for quite the same reason. If William did take the cup on Wednesday, we should never recover it now if the police took over the case and tried to rumble him. We shall have to make the best of it."

"May I see the picture?" Brendel asked.

"Of course. Come along; it's in the large Common Room."

The picture was indeed a striking one.

Five or six of the Fellows were seated round the table with their port glasses in front of them; on the table itself were a few of the best pieces of the College silver, conspicuous in the centre the tall and graceful Trefusis cup, still only roughly painted in.

The artist had caught the gentle and scholarly expression of Gresham's face, whilst Prendergast at the head of the table was leaning forward and appeared to be enforcing some point in his argument. In the background the butler stood beside the door, holding in his hand a decanter of port; clearly he was bringing in another bottle to replace the empty decanter which stood in front of Tennant.

For several moments Brendel examined the picture closely. "Excellent," he murmured, "and especially I like the manner in which the colour of the wine in the decanter picks up the splashes of colour of the wine in the glasses. The figure by the door is Callender, of course?"

"Yes, that's Callender," Tennant said.

"And that is the Trefusis cup in the centre, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Tennant. "And as you see, there are half a dozen pieces of the College silver as well. Prendergast, who hasn't the artist's eye, complains that all the silver looks like pewter, but, after all, the artist must be the best judge of his tones and so forth."

Brendel nodded. "I can see that," he said, "but whether it sparkles or not, the Trefusis cup must be a lovely thing. Did you watch the picture all the time that it was being painted?"

"No. Roger Foster didn't much like people seeing it and criticising it in the early stages. It used to be turned face to the wall after he had been working on it. I think Wednesday night was the first time that most of us were allowed a good look at it."

"Did Callender see it then, too?"

"Yes. Tennant showed it to him."

"Did you talk about it with him?"

"I don't think so. I suppose we just asked him if he'd like to see the picture."

"That's not quite accurate," Gresham said. "I remember quite well that, when Callender came in, Prendergast tried to make him see what a fine thing it was. You said something to this effect, Prendergast: 'There we are: in a hundred years our successors will be able to see the Common Room exactly as it was in our day. This will be a sort of permanent memorial for all of us, and for the Common Room, too.' "

"By jove, you're right. I did say something of that sort, for I thought Callender seemed oddly glum and unenthusiastic, and I wanted to liven him up. Well, Brendel, that's all there is to it. Our cup was carried out of this room on Wednesday night, and not one of us has seen it since."

Brendel smiled. "I don't like to make promises which I cannot fulfil," he said, "but I feel pretty sure that the cup will be recovered—perhaps even tonight. With your leave, I'll go and ask Callender a few questions before dinner."

When Brendel entered the pantry, the butler was sitting by his table and polishing some of the silver which was to be used that night.

"Good evening," said Brendel. "I'm glad to see you again, but I'm sorry to arrive just when this wretched theft has occurred. However can it have happened?"

Callender shook his head. "I've not had an easy moment, sir, since the cup disappeared on Wednesday. You see I was responsible, and though all the gentlemen have been very good about it, I can't but feel sorely troubled. And I'm thinking about the two young men with me, sir. I'm as sure as I can be that neither of them had anything to do with it. It must have been a thief from outside."

At Brendel's request, Callender gave his version of the story. It did not vary from the story as Prendergast had told it.

Brendel listened quietly. "What a wretched business!" he said at last. "It really seems inexplicable. But we mustn't give up hope. Let's put it out of our minds for the moment." He looked round the room. "So this is where you prepare everything for the Common Room? I suppose you bring the port up from the cellars—I suppose you have a wonderful supply of wine down there?"

"Indeed we have, sir," said the butler. "Haven't you ever looked at our cellars?"

"No, never. Perhaps you could show them to me?"

Callender's face lighted up.

Once in the cellars Callender became almost garrulous, and seemed to cast off his gloom. "Now here's the port we drink on ordinary nights—nearly two pipes of it—it's a nineteen thirty-five, Taylor's were the shippers. We've still got a good deal of nineteen twenty-seven, and some nineteen thirty-one Quinta do Noval, but I keep them for special occasions, and of course we've laid down a good deal of younger wine for later on."

"You must have a big stock."

"Yes, sir. We have more than fifteen years' supply."

"And I suppose you have seen all the wine there is here actually laid down?"

"Yes. You know, Mr. Brendel, it takes a long time to learn about wine. Yes, I believe I've seen every bottle in the cellar come in here, and a tidy lot go out!" He chuckled reminiscently.

They passed from cellar to cellar. In some of them the bottles were lying on wooden shelves, but in others the wine was placed on racks with iron frames, and some of these could be moved in and out on runners. Brendel looked at them with interest.

It was not until they reached the last cellar at the end of the corridor that Brendel's interest seemed to be fully alive. "And what is there here?" he asked.

"This is a pipe of port, Graham's nineteen forty-eight—we laid it down in nineteen-fifty. Mr. Tennant thinks that we ought to be drinking it in two or three years' time, though I believe it could wait a couple of years longer."

"And in the meantime it just stays here and no one touches it?"

"Yes, sir, except that about once a year we have a bottle up to see how it's going."

"Do pull out one of the racks, for me. I want to see how easy it is."

"Why, certainly, sir, they slide out as smooth as butter."

As Callender turned his back, Brendel slipped a small torch, in the form of a

Wine and silver

continued from previous page

fountain pen, from his pocket and flashed it on to the other racks, but the torch was back in his pocket by the time Callender turned round to face him.

"And that, I think, is really all, sir, for you've seen all the wine of which we have any quantity."

"Thank you, yes—it was tremendously interesting. But I must pull out another of these racks. It fascinates me how easily they move."

For the first time Callender hesitated—then he laid hold of a rack. But before he could move it Brendel had himself taken hold of the next rack and pulled it forward into the middle of the room. There in the recess formed by the curve of the stone arch of the wall stood a wooden box.

There was a long pause.

"I think we had better take it back to your pantry," Brendel said.

Seated in the pantry, the two men looked at each other across the table. Callender spoke first.

"I can't think what made me do it, sir," he said at length.

Brendel answered very gently. "But I think I can. You saw the picture that night, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Mr. Tennant or Mr. Prendergast or one of his Fellows said something about it to you; something about people in a hundred years' time seeing the Common Room just as it is today, with the Fellows and the wine and the silver and you coming in at the door. It was like that, wasn't it?"

As Brendel looked again at the man opposite to him, he noted the large and calloused but carefully scrubbed hands, the honesty of the face. But Callender sat silent.

"There was something that you disliked about the picture," Brendel said at length. "Was it the silver?"

Suddenly Callender seemed to break free from his reserve. "Yes, sir," he said, "that was it, though how you know it I can't tell. When I looked at that picture and saw what the painter had done to my silver I couldn't bear it. I've polished it and cleaned it and loved it, sir—yes, loved it—for fifty years, and all I saw in the picture was a lot of dirty green pewter.

"And then one of the gentlemen, Mr. Prendergast it was, I think, said something about people in the future seeing us all as we are now—just as you said, sir. And what would they say? They'd say that someone didn't know how to keep his silver, and that there must have been an idle butler at St. Thomas's in those days.

"I couldn't bear it. Of course it was foolish of me—I see that clear enough now—but I thought that somehow I could stop them from finishing the picture. I thought that if I took the cup they'd leave that out at any rate."

"And so you came back to the Common Room after Hopkins and William had left and took the box out of the safe?"

"Yes, sir. I took it out and put it in the end cellar behind the Graham forty-eight, for I thought no one but me would ever look there. I never meant to steal it, sir, how could I? And now I suppose they will send me to prison."

"No, no, of course they won't," said Brendel. "Everything will be all right; but you must do just what I tell you. Let me see—I think that, when we are at dinner in the Hall, you must bring the cup into the Common Room and put it on the table. Just say the cup has been recovered. They'll be glad enough to see it back, with no suspicion on anyone, and won't ask questions. Yes, that will be best. I shall talk to the Fellows there, and tell them what to expect."

The Fellows were seated round the table in the Common Room a few hours later; in the middle stood the Trefusis cup.

"Well, thank God, you've got it back, Brendel," said Gresham, "but I'm not quite sure how you knew that Callender had taken it, and still less how you knew where he had put it."

Brendel laughed. "It was really very simple. To my mind it appeared that certain facts were inescapable. When I had heard about the keys, it seemed to me utterly impossible that Hopkins or William could have stolen the cup; it must have been taken out of the safe with the aid of Callender's key."

"Yes, but why shouldn't William have pinched the key and. . . ."

"No. Consider William's case. Is it conceivably possible that he could have walked across the Quad, carrying a box a foot high, under his coat, even if he had wished to do so—without being stopped by someone? And Hopkins. He has been here for six or seven years; were he a thief, he would have stolen spoons and forks or something which he could easily get rid of; he would never have taken the Trefusis cup. Besides, everyone agreed that Callender had locked up the cup in the cupboard. No, it was impossible, if miracles are to be excluded, that Hopkins or William could have stolen the cup."

"But," said Gresham, "it was equally impossible that Callender could have stolen it. Why, think of his whole life and career! He lives for the wine and the silver."

"Precisely. I came to the same conclusion, and in consequence it was clear that the cup had not been stolen, in the ordinary sense of the word, but only removed. It was equally clear that only Callender of the three could have been the man to remove it. All that I had to do was to discover some motive strong enough to make him remove it. You follow me?"

"And what was that?"

"At first I thought that it might have been the selfish and exclusive zeal of the collector—the impulse which will make even the millionaire steal a book or a picture from a rival just in order that he may gloat over it in private—but somehow that didn't seem to square with Callender's character. Then I asked about the picture, and, between you, you gave me all the indications I needed."

"How was that?"

BRENDEL said: "Well, you all agreed that when Callender saw the picture for the first time he seemed oddly glum and unappreciative. Now surely the first thing that he would look at in the picture was his beloved silver? And a remark which Tennant made stood in my mind. You said, Tennant, something about one of your less artistic colleagues saying that the silver looked like pewter."

Prendergast laughed. "Yes, I think I see what you are driving at. And I added fuel to the fire by saying that a hundred years on those who looked at the picture could see exactly how the Common Room looked in the middle of the twentieth century."

"Exactly," Brendel agreed. "Everything fell into place. I could understand Callender's feelings, and perhaps sympathize with them. I felt certain that he had removed the cup—with the object of preventing the completion of the picture, or at least of that part of the picture which interested him most."

"As usual," Gresham commented drily, "it all sounds beautifully clear and simple, but I'm still at a loss to know how you could be sure that the cup was hidden in the wine cellar."

"But that was obvious. Callender has a very straightforward mind. He would quite certainly hide it in the obvious place—the wine cellars. And if among the wine, then clearly in that part of the cellars where he alone was likely to go.

"So I asked him to show me round. I really didn't take much interest in the cellars which he showed me first, because I knew that he would have used the obvious hiding-place. When in the last cellar he told me that no one went there except at long intervals to bring up a bottle for testing, I knew that we were warm. In that last cellar it was merely a question of flashing my torch on to the rack to see where the dust had been recently disturbed—and we were at the end of the chase."

"Rather grudgingly, I must admit that you worked it all out quite easily and correctly," said Prendergast, "and once more we are in your debt. Your health, Brendel."

Brendel, for once, seemed a little embarrassed.

"No, please," he protested. "It is not like that at all. I think you do not quite realize what my membership of your Common Room means to me." He hesitated, and then continued. "For a long time I have wished to make a little gift to the Common Room to express my appreciation, and I have wondered whether perhaps you would accept a little picture, if I should be so fortunate as to persuade Mr. Foster to allow me to commission him to paint it."

Roger Foster laughed. "Gladly," he said. "No artist refuses a commission. What is the picture to be?"

"I thought," said Brendel, "that I should ask you to paint a picture of Callender in his pantry, cleaning his silver. But it won't be anything like your conversation piece. I see in my mind something of the nature of Manet's *Bar at the Folies Bergère*, where it's all light and sparkle."

FORTUNATELY, Roger Foster was not only a talented artist, but also a man of perception.

"Please give me the commission," he said. "I think it's as clear in my mind as in yours. I can't tell you what the critics will say, but I promise that Callender will think it a good picture."

"And of course we'll accept," said Prendergast, "even if I am to be accused of Philistinism for hanging it."

Visitors to the St. Thomas's Common Room are accustomed to praise the conversation piece, and even to rank it among the best of Roger Foster's works. But some, at least, of the Fellows are inclined to remind them that the Common Room possesses two Roger Fosters, and that the second picture is no less noteworthy than the first.

Prendergast, who is prone to appropriate other men's ideas, not infrequently draws attention to the brilliance and bravura of the picture of *The Common Room Butler*. "To me," he will say, "this picture shows the technical skill of the artist in handling the bright lights and reflections which come from the silver and the table. It has sometimes occurred to me that it has much the same quality as Manet's *Bar at the Folies Bergère*—the same brilliance and a similar appeal."

And, without a doubt, the visitors are suitably impressed. THE END

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FLYING HIGH · 4 by HUGHIE GREEN

Millionaire planes and Hollywood parties

B.B.C. trouble kept me in the air. But I had my fun—flying rich men and living it up in the States

Shipowner Aristotle Onassis and his wife. When Hughie Green tried to find him a suitable private plane, Onassis proved to be a shrewd customer

My work as a pilot, which I do because I love it, has landed me in some strange experiences. None, however, is more fantastic than my night in Karachi in February, 1952.

Our Dakota had engine trouble. In normal circumstances this would have been a simple matter of repairs while we waited. But ours was no ordinary plane. It was a "Garuda," the Indian word for eagle.

I had bought and sold it in the course of my job with an aircraft firm in New Jersey, U.S.A. At that time, apart from recording my amateur talent show, *Opportunity Knocks*, for Radio Luxembourg, and occasional starring rôles on TV in America, I was having to earn my entire living in aviation. The B.B.C. was closed to me; I was bringing a law case against them, alleging that officials had accepted bribes.

The case—it turned out to be very long and costly—did not come into court until 1955. But meanwhile I had to keep paying my lawyer's costs.

The Garuda was the most fabulous plane I have flown. It was a magic carpet. It had every possible luxury, including a pressurized cabin and even a shower bath. The new owner was Tony Couloucoundis, a twenty-nine year old member of the wealthy Greek shipping family, who was helping me take it from Calcutta to his home in New York. Originally, though, the Garuda belonged to the late Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel, India's Deputy Premier.

Feelings over partition in India were still extremely bitter. By landing in Karachi, the Pakistani capital, in an Indian plane, we ran the risk of being torn limb from limb. Our arrival at 11 p.m. caused clusters of natives to gather round, whispering and pointing.

"There'll be violence if we're still here tomorrow when it's light," said Tony anxiously.

I taxied the Dakota away from the terminal building. Frantically we tried to repair the faulty engine.

It needed a new fuel pump, but where could we buy one in the small hours of the morning? My radio operator, Neville Parker, had no luck when he tried the workshops of the big airlines.

I was staring at the useless pump, wondering what to do next, when an elderly man with a long white beard and a stick hobbled up. He was friendly. "I know a shopkeeper in the bazaar in the city," he said.

Tony and I helped the old man into a taxi.

He led us to a native in a loincloth sitting on a threadbare rug. Laid out on the rug were ancient-looking lamps, kettles and, of all things, a second-hand Dakota fuel pump.

Astonished at our find, we tore back

Hugh French (extreme left) was Hughie Green's host in Los Angeles. At his home he introduced Green to Marilyn Monroe and Elizabeth Taylor (right)

Flying high

continued from previous page

to the airport, installed the pump and took off at dawn, the old man who had been our "good Samaritan" waving a farewell.

Once between Rome and Marseilles when Tony, a keen flier, took over the controls, he steered us straight into a cloud filled with ice. In a matter of moments the plane was coated like a well-iced cake. The drumming of hail on the fuselage was deafening. I grabbed the controls and wheeled us out into the warm sunshine.

The fright of this experience made Tony agree with me that the Garuda needed de-icing gear before tackling the Atlantic. We headed for Croydon Airport in Surrey for it to be installed. Hugh French, the actor and show business agent, heard of our arrival and asked me if we could give a friend a lift to America.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Michael Powell."

The tall, distinguished "Mickey" was a film director I admired greatly, particularly for his film *The Red Shoes*, but I had never met him. Tony gave permission for him to come, and his arrival at Croydon the next morning was unforgettable.

Magnificent in layers of turtle-necked sweaters, heavy knee boots and riding breeches, Mickey disembarked from a colossal Rolls. I watched his butler and Hugh French struggle with three carloads of baggage, including a Victorian portmanteau they could hardly lift.

"What's in that?" I asked.

"Just a few volumes of Proust," said Mickey casually. "Thought I might want to read on the trip."

Only when I had sent the portmanteau, Proust and half the other baggage back to London did we take off for New York, which we reached, via Greenland, three weeks after leaving Calcutta.

Tony and I got on so well together that I accepted his offer of a job with Eastern Aircraft Sales and Mallard Industries, the firm that looked after his air interests.

His understanding of my financial problems with regard to my impending law case was typical of the helpfulness to be found in people in the States. American *bonhomie* can be fulsome, but I have often been grateful for it.

Two years ago, for example, I turned a giant turbo-prop B.O.A.C. Britannia into a film studio. Jack Hylton, Rosalina Neri, Winifred Atwell, Laurence Harvey, Donald Campbell and Ronnie Ronalde made the trip from London to New York with me, and we did the first TV show ever filmed on board a plane in flight.

Camera broke down

We were two-thirds of the way across the Atlantic when our one and only camera developed a fault.

I had a word with the pilot and persuaded him to make an unscheduled stop at Goose Bay, Labrador. As a regular transatlantic flier, I knew this airport well, and I remembered that a TV station had been set up there for the U.S. forces in the area.

The airport was covered with snow. I was about to set off for the TV station when Donald Campbell shouted: "I'm coming too—better show the flag, old boy!"

You can imagine the impression made on the Americans when a motorized sledge drew up in the snow alongside their hut and out I climbed in full theatrical make-up, accompanied by Donald, impeccably dressed in a bowler hat and carrying a rolled umbrella.

When they got over their surprise and heard about our venture, the Americans did everything to assist us. They gave us the spare we needed, and soon we were airborne again.

Working for Tony Coulouccundis in 1952 not only enabled me to pay my legal expenses but also involved me in some fascinating projects. The first of these was an ambitious move to buy the three giant Princess flying boats, built by Saunders-Roe at Cowes, Isle of Wight, at a cost to British taxpayers of at least £10 million. Both the R.A.F. and B.O.A.C. had turned them down.

Our idea was to use them for a transatlantic passenger service. Such a service would, I am convinced by practical experience, have enormous appeal. During the war I commanded the only R.A.F. unit that ran a transatlantic flying boat service for air ferry crews. The boats were extremely popular. Nine times out of ten, crews that had the choice of returning home by flying boat, or by a faster land plane, chose the boat because of the safety factor of being able to make an emergency landing at sea.

Princess plan

We would get the Princesses flying on the North Atlantic route for which they were designed, operate them successfully for a year and every other airline would, from sheer passenger appeal, be forced to buy them. Unlike with the Bristol Brabazon project, the taxpayers would see a return for their money, and the subsequent trade to Britain would be valued in millions.

In New York I busied myself with inquiries as to the reception such a transatlantic service would receive. A poll was conducted. After being told that the price of the ticket would be the same, though the time taken to make the trip might be slightly—and only slightly—longer, people were asked if they preferred to travel by land plane or flying boat.

We came up with a resounding seventy-one per cent of the travelling public in favour of the flying boat.

Tony was delighted. I inspected Boston and Baltimore, old wartime flying boat haunts of mine, for the opening of the great new British service.

Jubilant, I set off for London.

The Minister of Supply, Duncan Sandys, was responsible for deciding the future of the Princesses. Our meeting took place in Sir Winston Churchill's office at the House of Commons. The Minister was charming, courteous, and obviously a highly skilled administrator, but he did not seem to know the first thing about the operation of flying boats. His advisers, however, were scarcely any more clued-up than he was.

Duncan Sandys was most sympathetic and instructed his Permanent Under-secretary, Brigadier Low, that I was to be afforded every facility by Saunders-Roe to go into the operational costing of the Princess prior to Tony Coulouccundis making a firm offer to the British Government. The Minister and I agreed that this survey should be carried out by one of Lloyd's top aviation survey firms, the British Aviation Insurance Company Ltd.

Accompanied by Harold Caplan, a survey engineer of British Aviation, I set out excitedly for Cowes. The offices of Saunders-Roe, in contrast to the chromium-plated establishments of Douglas and Lockheed in Los Angeles, are situated sedately in the stables of Queen Victoria's old home, Osborne House. Lawns decorated with spring daffodils provided an idyllic if unreal background for the birth-place of the mammoths I'd come to see.

Our host on this visit was Captain Agar, a veteran B.O.A.C. pilot who now worked for Saunders-Roe. After inspecting the boat, Caplan and I tried to prise out of the worthy captain as much technical information as was available at the time.

Though charming as a host, Agar was exasperatingly vague. "I can't really say—we're not sure," was a typical reply to my questions.

Finally we went to lunch. This long drawn-out meal lasted from noon until three o'clock. At ten past three, gazing at the boats sailing in and out of Cowes harbour, and thinking of Tony three thousand miles away in New York wondering how I was progressing with his million-dollar project, I suggested we return to the yard to continue our pricing investigation.

Agar thought we had better wait until the managing director, Captain Clarke, returned from holiday before we continued our investigations.

Following Captain Clarke's return from holiday, Caplan and I once again went hopefully to Cowes. Clarke's attitude was one of amazement that anyone should be interested in operating the boats. "Where are you going to build an overhaul base in this country?" he inquired.

"We're not," I explained. "We'll bring the boats back to you for all the work to be done on them during the first two years—paying for the work in American currency. This way, the men that built them will keep them in tip-top shape."

There was fully a minute's silence as the head of the firm responsible to the government for spending £10 million of taxpayers' money turned my plan over in his mind.

"There are two reasons why your suggestions would never be practical," he said. "Firstly, the men here would lose interest in the boats once you have taken them away from us."

"I regret, sir," I replied, "I cannot accept that reason. What is the other one?"

Visited brigadier

"It is probably more important than the first," he said, perhaps jokingly. "You'd interfere with Cowes Week."

Visiting Brigadier Low at the Ministry, I explained my perplexity at Saunders-Roe's attitude and emphasized our desire to operate the boats in co-operation with both the manufacturers and the government. Low trotted in the advisers again, whose best efforts at obstruction lay in the fact that the Bristol Proteus engine was now being tried out in the Britannia.

"Isn't the Britannia a government project, too?" I asked.

"Yes," they replied.

"Well, why not finish one project before starting another?"

Subsequently the Ministry of Supply wrote to me. The view had been taken that they wanted an all-British company to operate the boats. Disappointed, though still an enthusiastic spectator, I watched and read about the trials of the Princesses. Since then, no British company has materialized and these three great flying boats have been shelved.

Frankly, it's more than a pity; it's a crime. The Princess could have given this country a trans-ocean flying supremacy unmatched by the Britannia, which B.O.A.C. complain has cost them a fortune because of its late delivery and teething troubles.

I shall watch with interest the fate of these giants built by the men of Cowes—giants that it is fair to say have been strangled at birth by the Britannia, lack of vision and ineptitude.

After the collapse of the Princess project, I began an interesting—though at times very harrowing—business relationship with Aristotle Onassis. It taught me that trying to please millionaires isn't always easy.

Onassis, who lived in a château at Cap d'Antibes on the French Riviera, wanted a small twin-engined Sealand for private use. Amphibians of this type were very scarce, but I found one that even Shorts, the makers, had forgotten about. It had been shipped to America for a demonstration tour and was now in Montreal.

Ferrying it to the Riviera was a nightmare.

Neville Parker and I flew safely enough to Bluie West. This is Greenland's bleak airport where we were regular visitors. When we took off again, we only just managed to stagger into the sky. The plane was heavy with extra fuel in a special temporary tank that practically filled the cabin.

At eight thousand feet, two-thirds of

The first television show to be filmed on board a plane. Pianist Winifred Atwell (left) with Hughie Green and singer Rosalina Neri

the way down the long narrow fjord that leads from Bluie West, came a shattering bang. One of our engines had packed up.

Neville made the greatest understatement of all time when he inquired: "Did you hear anything?"

I contrived to turn round and get back to Bluie West for an emergency landing. We eventually reached Belfast, to be told that we were the smallest boat ever to fly the Atlantic.

Looking back on that trip, I realize how lucky we were. If the explosion had happened midway over the ocean, our chances of survival in a tiny, overloaded plane in a rough sea would have been nil.

Onassis invited me to lunch on the terrace of his château. "I would like a trip in the plane," he said. "My brother-in-law, Stavros Niarchos, will accompany us."

"I don't much care for the plane," Onassis announced briefly, after we had landed, "I'll probably sell it."

He was thinking of selling it—after I had nearly killed myself getting it for him!

While Onassis pondered on the future of the Sealand, he asked me to fly Niarchos in it to Newcastle for the launching of a tanker.

The morning was hot when we left Nice and Niarchos was dressed in the thin colourful clothes that are fashionable on the Riviera. But somewhere between Paris and Croydon we lost sight of the sun. Between Croydon and York the weather took a turn for the worse. Low clouds and pouring rain forced me down to five hundred feet. I started to follow the main railway line north, and at Selby we flew into cloud at two hundred feet. This was too dangerous for me, and I could see that my important passenger was worried, so I turned back and landed at a disused airfield near York.

Onassis decided that he would keep the Sealand if it could be made to go a hundred miles an hour faster. I attended a somewhat desperate interview with key men from Short's, who were anxious to satisfy him; their organization builds another type of transport in which the Greek millionaire is interested—oil tankers. However, when a flying boat has been designed for a certain speed, adding another hundred miles an hour is a tall order. Short's had to admit defeat.

"Captain Green," said Onassis, "I still think I would like a flying boat. You go to America, get one and bring it here to France for me."

I went to New York. I couldn't get him a flying boat; the best plane I could find was a Dakota, which I promptly showed him when he happened to visit New York three weeks later. "I like it," he said. "I'll buy."

Laddered stockings

He was getting round to signing a cheque for thousands of dollars when his lovely wife Tina, a seasoned air traveller who uses her husband's planes for shopping trips, looked at the cabin.

"It's too big," she exclaimed. "I'd much prefer a Lodestar."

I showed her a Lodestar, but she accidentally laddered her stocking while getting out of the door. I went round town and treated her to two dozen new pairs.

Onassis finally made a decision on a plane. He went to England and bought a Dakota. . . .

My next job for Tony Coulocoundis was another high-level affair. The French needed planes for their war in Indo-China. I went to Paris and wandered round the French Air Ministry on the boulevard Victor, looking for the minister's assistant, a commandant, who was in charge of purchasing.

"We have combed the earth for B Twenty-six Invader bombers," he told me, "but can't find a single one."

Confidently puffing at my pipe, I leaned back and assured him that these fast, lethal planes were a speciality of our firm. Then I went straight back to my hotel and phoned Tony.

"Certainly we've got B Twenty-sixes," he said. "Seven of them—in

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It's going to cost the earth before we can land on the moon . . .

But what shall we do when we get there?

by THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL

The Astronomer Royal, Professor Richard Woolley, searches outer space—and dislikes what he sees

We astronomers are not authorities on space travel. So far as the rocketry side of the business is concerned, the astronomer is not in a position to know any more than the average man of science. But we can say, as experts, what is known about the conditions outside the earth's atmosphere and what is known about conditions on the surfaces of the moon and the planets.

From the point of view of human existence—breathing, eating, drinking, and staying at a suitable temperature—none of these places is at all attractive. In fact none of them is habitable.

Now you can go down to the floor of the sea in a diving suit and you can go into a fire in an asbestos suit. No doubt the rocketeers solemnly propose a combination set of armour (to ward off cosmic rays), diving suit (so that you can breathe), and asbestos overalls (so that you don't scorch).

They must also plan a built-in refrigerator (for Venus) and electric heating (for Mars). And if there were any overwhelming point to it—if something were to be gained that was worth the enormous sums of money to be spent—well, why not? It would be rash to assert that anything is absolutely impossible.

Let us consider first the moon. There is no difficulty (except expense) about firing a small object past the moon; in fact it has already been done. We know quite a good deal about the moon's surface. It has mountains and level plains and craters. There isn't any air and there isn't any water. And of course there isn't anything remotely resembling human food.

As there isn't any air, there is no protection against ultra violet radiation and cosmic rays unless you take it with you. It is very hot by day, and very cold at night (both of which last a fortnight), but if you had equipment to dig an underground shelter the mean temperature would be tolerable.

Supply problems

Someone has to perfect the business of braking satellites before anything can be landed intact on the moon. Any party of humans landed there would have to be supported by a steady stream of supply rockets, or they would quickly perish. Getting enough equipment on the moon to be able to set up a rocket launching site and send one man back is, of course, a matter of enormous difficulty and expense: it is quite another order of difficulty from the difficulty of sending the party there in the first place.

Taking next Mars, it is a cold place with a thin atmosphere and a little water vapour. With very elaborate equipment you might arrange to pump up the atmosphere as is done in "pressurizing" aircraft cabins, and you might even, with still more elaborate equipment, be able to condense some water out of it and drink it.

You certainly couldn't march about on the surface of Mars without heavy protection and an oxygen supply. There may be something on Mars that dimly resembles our lower kinds of vegetation, but one could not expect to find anything fit for human consumption as food.

Unlikely Martians

It doesn't really seem likely that Mars is inhabited by wise and hostile sentient beings, such as H. G. Wells imagined in *The War Of The Worlds*—unlikely because the oxygen supply is so poor on Mars. Still, if they exist they will put our space travellers in a specimen case if they land on Mars.

Venus is a more difficult proposition. It is covered with dense clouds. If a rocket went down into these clouds there is no knowing whether it would land on land or sea: there may be no sea, however, as water vapour is not detected in the atmosphere of Venus. Nor is oxygen, but the poisonous gas carbon dioxide abounds.

An astronomer can legitimately comment on the usefulness to astronomical science of observations which could be conducted on any of the planets.

First of all there are observations of the planets themselves. While we can give a surprisingly detailed account of the physics of the atmosphere of Mars, very little is known about Venus (mostly because of the dense clouds), and an actual visit would, of course, settle many points which are now imperfectly known. But the precise details of planetary surfaces are not really especially likely to throw any light on the laws of nature or the structure of the universe.

In comparison with the stars, the planets are inert: they do not produce great energy by nuclear processes, and are therefore incapable of throwing light on nuclear physics: whereas each star is the seat of a non-stop nuclear reaction, and the study of the internal constitution of a star is a study which illustrates nuclear physics.

Could one make better observations of the stars from a planet, or from the moon? The answer is a qualified yes. If you suppose that all the logistic difficulties are soluble and that one can actually set up a true astronomical observatory with a big telescope, and successfully live and observe, diving suits and all, some special observations could certainly be made. This is because the earth's atmosphere is itself a handicap to astronomical observation, cutting off ultra violet light and making stellar images indistinct through what astronomers call "bad seeing."

However, governments are not usually willing to spend sizeable fractions of the national income on astronomical science just for its own sake, and as a practical astronomer I am quite sure that building big telescopes at earth level and endowing them with staff and maintenance, is a far better and less costly way of furthering astronomical knowledge than attempting to establish observatories on the moon.

The one advantage

This is about all that an astronomer can say. It appears quite likely that for national prestige some governments will find the enormous sums necessary to fire off rockets into orbits, and that for love of adventure some people will never rest until they persuade someone in authority to let them be fired off in a rocket, however meagre the chance of coming back alive.

Nor can anyone safely say that technique will not advance so greatly in the centuries to come that rockets will not be fired safely into orbit and brake themselves efficiently on return to earth.

In the meantime, however, no living thing has gone even into orbital space about the earth and returned alive, and no doubt can be felt that the business is extraordinarily expensive for what it accomplishes.

Perhaps, however, the great nations of the world will agree to vie in shooting missiles at the moon rather than at each other, and then the whole immense expense on rocketry will not be altogether useless. THE END

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ACHTUNG!

Krupp has nearly won his war

Hitler was his friend . . . mass murder built his fortune. Now he's climbing to power again—and defies anyone to stop him

says IAN BROOKS

WHEN Alfried Krupp, head of Germany's mightiest industrial combine, was freed from prison in 1951, having served six years as a war criminal, and was handed back his fortune and his family home, he toured its four hundred rooms and then complained: "The British have stolen my art treasures."

German police investigated and found that £250,000 worth of assorted old masters, Gobelin tapestries, Ming vases, Persian carpets and silverware was missing. Six Germans were afterwards found to have looted them.

Commenting on this episode, a British newspaper columnist said: "For impertinence, gall and unmitigated crust in high places, let the undisputed heavyweight championship be awarded to that scaly millionaire, Mr. A. Krupp."

The insolent confidence Krupp displayed over his personal treasures was a foretaste of what was to come He immediately set about rebuilding his industrial empire. Even at that time, in spite of Allied bombing and Russian dismantling, it was valued at £32 million and brought him an annual profit of more than £1 million.

He owned shipyards in Bremen and Kiel and factories in Essen which had been making Tiger tanks and guns for Hitler's war and had now switched to locomotives, diesel trucks, refrigerators and steel sinks. His properties were worth many millions.

Promise he broke

Above all, there were the £26 million coal and steel holdings consisting of nine Ruhr coal mines, five iron mines and a modern steel mill—the heart and muscle of the combine which had made Krupp's a dreaded name in two wars.

In 1953, during the occupation, the Allies tried to ensure that the Krupp empire would be broken up, and that he would never make arms again. Allied High Commission Law 27 ordered him to sell his coal and steel holdings within five years. "I have signed an undertaking not to produce coal and steel, and I intend to stick to it," he said.

In 1954 Krupp sold one coal mine for £2,300,000. Two years later, he disposed of his controlling interest in another for £3 million. The bulk of his empire remained intact. Recently, in defiance of the order, he has added to it the £8 million Bochumer steel combine with an annual turnover of £187 million. He is also planning to build an atom-power plant to produce uranium and plutonium—necessary components of H-bombs.

How did he do it? Krupp has got away with it through a mixture of smooth audacity and being legally in the right. He blandly says now that no buyer can be found to take over his coal and steel interests. This is true. Krupp's is now so powerful that no German business would dare to set up as a rival.

Alfried Krupp returned from a war crimes prison to a champagne feast and a multi-million empire. "War brings grievous suffering," he says

Nor has it been possible to find a buyer outside Germany, partly because the 100,000 workers in Krupp industries—the Kruppianer—are so fanatically loyal to Germany and to Krupp that they would strike rather than allow the businesses to pass into foreign hands.

He has also been helped by having economic common sense on his side. To have broken up his empire would have hamstrung the economic recovery of West Germany—in fact, many of the fifty million West Germans regarded the plan as an unfair attempt to do just that.

Probably for this reason, Krupp has had private encouragement in his defiance of Law 27 from Chancellor Adenauer and also from John Foster Dulles, who has never been known to criticize Krupp's failure to keep his word, although Dulles is usually a stickler for the carrying out of international agreements.

When the five-year deadline was reached in February, 1958, and Krupp had taken only token steps to dismantle his empire, the period was extended for a further year. Krupp sat tight. Last month, when the deadline came round again, he trotted out the same old excuse that no one would offer him a reasonable price. The West German Government, which had agreed to enforce Law 27, granted him another year. Britain, the United States and France were "informed."

Today, with the full support of the Bonn government, Krupp can thumb his nose at the Allies, for there is small chance now that he will ever be made to implement his pledge. Meanwhile, as each day the till rings up another million pounds' worth of business, the alibi is being extended. "There are many other combines bigger than ours," Krupp said recently. This is true, but none is under the control of a single man.

Even with the powerful support of Adenauer and Dulles, a less able man than Krupp might have failed to swing things his way. The truth is that he brought off the biggest and most successful coup ever recorded in the history of public relations.

Luxurious parties

After his release from prison he invited anyone remotely capable of influencing policy to the Villa Huegel, his family home, there to be given the Krupp treatment. Politicians, industrialists, junior attachés from the embassies in Bonn, and journalists flocked there by car, train and specially chartered plane to be lavishly wined, dined—and indoctrinated.

After one party that included frothy German "champagne" and glamorous dancing partners imported from Vienna, 130 foreign diplomats and their wives went out to their cars clutching presents of cigarette-lighters and compacts made from Krupp steel. When they drove home they found that the petrol tanks of their cars had been topped up.

It was all carefully thought out to impress the influential guests and convince them that Krupp was a good man and that it would be wrong to take away his property. By its very audacity and the patient persistence with which it was carried out, the scheme paid off in the end.

Herr Krupp, in spite of his shy exterior and genuine dislike of the limelight when there is anything to hide, proved he was no fool.

His come-back began almost before the smoke had cleared away from his bomb-shattered factories at the end of the war.

In bad times and good Alfried never doubted his future. The man who armed Hitler, as his family had armed Bismarck and Kaiser William II in two previous wars, had joined the Nazi Party in 1938. That year he also entered his firm's artillery-construction division where he directed the design, sale and development of weapons until 1943, flying through Nazi-occupied Europe to inspect plants.

What happened there was described at his trial at Nuremberg as a war criminal. At Liancourt in France, it was said, Krupp forced the sale of the Austin assembly plant at a ridiculously low price and when the Jewish owner refused to hand over the books he

ACHTUNG ! Krupp has nearly won his war

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soon found himself in Auschwitz, where he died.

In the Low Countries, according to a witness, Krupp and three other industrialists selected from a map plants to be seized as the German army advanced. The four men, he said, resembled vultures gathered about a corpse. They pointed to villages and factories, saying: "This is yours, that is ours, that man we will have arrested, he has two factories. . . ."

The reckoning began on April 10, 1945, when an American jeep drew up outside the apparently deserted Villa Huegel. It was driven by a Negro. An American captain jumped out and rang the bell. The door was opened by a butler in livery.

"Say, where's Krupp?" asked the captain.

"If you are referring to Herr von Bohlen," was the austere answer, "he is at home. He has been expecting you."

Alfried Krupp, then thirty-seven, who carried the title of "von Bohlen und Halbach," came down and mounted the jeep without a word. He wore a lounge suit and "Foreign Office" hat and carried an umbrella. He was photographed by eager American press photographers, as he drove away. He looked at ease."

Alfried was driven to an American command post in Essen and given a perfunctory interrogation. At the end of it he was asked what he intended to do in the future. "Rebuild my factories which have been destroyed by the Allied bombings and start producing again," was the unabashed answer.

The trial in 1948 was before a U.S. court, for both the British and Russians declined to try Alfried. He and ten directors were convicted of plundering the industries of conquered countries and exploiting slave labour. Alfried got twelve years and went off to Landsberg prison, in Bavaria, where he washed dishes, laundered clothes and worked in a blacksmith's shop. There he hammered out a crucifix and altar rails for the prison chapel.

Already, when Alfried went to prison, the political atmosphere was beginning to change. Politicians in America—and in England—hinted that a tough policy towards heavy German industries meant a permanently depressed West Germany.

The new atmosphere penetrated to Landsberg. Mr. George T. Davis, Krupp's San Francisco lawyer, describing the scene later, said: "It was one of the funniest sights I have seen.

"Krupp would sit at the head of the table, flanked by his directors. They would discuss Krupp affairs while they smoked big cigars and peeled oranges and bananas sent in from outside.

"You should have seen them all, dressed in prison clothes, soberly discussing production figures."

Today millions who have been bewildered by Krupp's phoenix-like rise from the ashes may wonder what was so funny about it.

The court also ordered the confiscation of all Krupp's property, but after he had served six years of his sentence, he was released from prison by order of John J. McCloy, U.S. High Commissioner in Germany, and the order confiscating his property was rescinded.

In partial explanation of this turnabout, McCloy said: "The confiscation of property is not a usual element in our judicial system and is generally repugnant to our American concepts of justice." And he added: "I can find no personal guilt in defendant Krupp to distinguish him above all others sentenced by the Nuremberg courts."

A more likely explanation is that the Americans had been warned that the Russians were preparing to claim their one-quarter share of all Krupp property in West Germany. This could have led to a claim of £40 million.

McCloy did not consult his British and French colleagues on the Allied High Commission before setting Alfried free. He simply revoked what his predecessor had done.

Alfried's release was a spectacular affair. He was met at the prison gates by a fleet of big Mercedes cars—the so-called "rich man's runabout" in West Germany. His brother Berthold was there, along with about eight others, mostly women, carrying bouquets of jonquils and tulips. They went off for a champagne breakfast.

Alfried refused to complain about his trial and imprisonment. "War and the aftermath of war," he said smoothly, "always bring grievous suffering. What has happened to industrialists in Germany is now a thing of the past."

He looked grey and weary, but he stepped out jauntily in the same well-tailored lounge suit in which he had been fetched from the Villa Huegel six years before.

Since his release from prison Krupp has succeeded in increasing his turnover nearly four times, and his exports by an even greater amount. He has relied on the healing effect of time to soften memories of his crimes, and he has been proved right. He can now say that he forgives us for sending him to prison; that it is regrettable that the German people allowed themselves to be deceived by Hitler.

He feels no guilt

Though, during the war, his firm employed 55,000 displaced persons, 18,000 prisoners of war and 6,000 inmates of concentration camps, who were leased to them as part of the Nazi "extermination through work" programme, he says he has no feeling of guilt.

He contends that the firm could not help doing what it did; that refusal to use cheap slave-labour would have led to trouble and that workers *had* to be put into key arms factories where they were bombed.

Of all firms, Krupp's could have risked voicing a protest against the Nazi methods. In the middle of the war its immense importance induced Hitler to make special financial and taxation concessions to the Krupp family. No protest was made.

"Strong as Krupp's steel" is a German proverb. It refers to the family as well as to what it produces. For all his toughness Alfried would not allow visitors to inspect the Villa Huegel because "there are always untoward comments when they see the empty spot where Hitler's picture once used to hang."

While engineering his come-back Krupp also stepped up his social life and in May, 1952, he married attractive Mrs. Vera Krauer, a German-born naturalized American citizen. It was his second marriage—his first had ended in divorce—and Vera's fourth. Later, this marriage, too, ended in divorce.

An American correspondent describes an interview he had with Krupp while Vera sat looking on. "I told him," says the correspondent, "that I had been reading a book that recorded Hitler's luncheon conversations. In it Hitler told how much he used to enjoy coming down to Essen to see the works and to see Krupp.

"Immediately Vera interrupted: 'Hitler visited all the plants in Germany, not only Krupp.'

"Krupp stared at her a moment, then said: 'Of course, I knew Hitler. I would see him when he came here. He had one obsession. With him, everything had to be the biggest. That is

Sally

If I wanted to know the secret of invisibility, Sally told me, I should go out and sell flags for something. Maybe she'd chosen the wrong charity, and a Saint Bernard on a string would have had them clustering round, but the chief trouble was that the woman at the depot had warned Sally not to say a *word*, or it would be begging.

If only she could have cried her wares, Sally said—"Lovely ripe flags, fresh this morning" might have helped, but all she was allowed to do was shake the box and smile.

It was infuriating, she said, how people looked through and over and beyond her, and even crossed the road, and when a little man in a raincoat actually stopped and fished in his pocket she could have kissed him. She was glad she hadn't a second later, because he brought out a notebook and asked her what exactly had been done with the money last year.

Sally was just about to tell him she hadn't an idea when she remembered about not talking, so they stood there for ages, the man getting crosser and crosser and Sally smiling and nodding and gesticulating. Between them they collected a sizeable crowd, and by the time a policeman arrived to tell her she must move on she'd sold every flag on her tray.

And all without saying a word, she said proudly. Which was quite something for Sally.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

In short

With The Approach Of Spring . . .

Birds burst into
Songs of happiness,
Buds burst into
Flowers of loveliness,
Pipes burst into
Rooms—and what a mess !

JEAN BEAVAN

Summing Up

The defendant, members of the jury, is charged with stealing an elephant and removing it to his home by camouflaging it as a small van (in contravention, I regret to say, of the Road Traffic Acts). His defence is that he merely borrowed it to test a theory and intended to return it the next day; but why, in that case, was he heard trying to teach an elephant named Moon of Delight to answer to the name of Harold?

The defendant's sister-in-law, Mrs. Murphy, when trodden on, asked him how long it was going to be in the garden. He replied: "It's here for years." His explanation, for what it is worth, is that he really said: "It hears with its ears," a riposte that not even irritation at the presence of Mrs. Murphy makes probable.

Then we had the evidence of the baker, who told us that he had been ordered to deliver a gross of buns. He found the defendant saying over and over to the animal: "Remember, this is where you live." He pointed out that elephants never forget and was rewarded with an oath that, he told us, had to be explained to him.

A complication was introduced into the case when the accused demanded an identity parade to test whether the owners could pick out their own elephant. This proving difficult to arrange. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

What's His Line?

From geometry a schoolboy learns
Of squares, straight lines and angles;
But later on his fancy turns
To curves, waist lines and ankles !

NOEL SCOTT

Next week's smash hit

by ROY HILL

Ann Haydon attacks to win a world title and rattles rivals by keeping cool

In a table-tennis match against Rumania, Ann Haydon established a 20-19 lead in the deciding game then made what everyone—including her opponent—thought was the winning hit. But the umpire awarded the point to the Rumanian.

"This was unfortunate enough," says an English official, "but when Ann's opponent found a lucky, untakeable edge to gain a one-point lead, the demoralization of most players in world class would have been complete."

Ann Haydon reacted differently. In her blue vest of England emblazoned with three golden leopards she looked more poker-faced than ever, re-established her lead and won 25-23.

In Germany next week, Ann begins a battle for the women's table tennis crown of the world. As she enters the arena at Dortmund many of her opponents will ruefully reflect that no more determined fighter ever put bat to ball.

In Stockholm during the last world championships, in 1957, Ann reached the finals of all three of the events open to women after playing five difficult eliminating matches, in the mixed doubles, on finals day. By the time she had fought—and narrowly lost—the finals of the women's singles and the women's doubles, she had played thirty-three games in a single day.

She had been active, with few breaks, for thirteen hours; the soles of her feet were badly blistered and officials advised her to "scratch" from the mixed doubles.

She refused. After she had lost this match, too, she explained that because her partner was a Czech it wouldn't have helped international relations to have left him in the lurch.

At Dortmund, Ann will be one of the leading seeded players. Few of the thousands who watch her ferocious left-handed "smash" will easily believe that ten years ago she was gravely ill with nephritis.

She started to play to encourage a return to full health. Coached by her parents, who are both former England internationals, she played for Birmingham at thirteen and two years later beat Lancashire's number one boy. At seventeen, she did so well in the French championships that the following year French officials, certain that she would be in all three women's finals, arranged the programme to suit her. She won every event.

Today Ann Haydon is twenty, 5 ft. 7 in. tall, well built, equally happy at home with her parents in Birmingham's suburbia or on her many trips abroad.

In Tokyo in 1956 for the world finals, she gained a reputation as the European "bogey girl" of Japanese players. One Japanese girl, when a single match point from defeat, put down her bat, strolled into a corner and deliberately did a slow knees bend in the hope that she would ruin Ann's concentration.

But Ann kept her head and won the match just the same.

Many times, on the point of defeat, Ann Haydon has continued to play her natural attacking game. Her opponents are prepared to believe that she is occasionally rattled, but they would much prefer to *see* it. "When you have beaten her with your best shot," says one top-ranking woman player, "and extract not a flicker of reaction from poker-faced Ann, it can make you feel like crying."

No time for friends

Her dedication to the game has brought criticisms. She refuses to coach locally or give exhibitions because she thinks that it might lower her playing standards. She has been accused of open rudeness to opponents before she plays them. "I don't want to be rude," she says earnestly, "but how can I be chatty with people I'm going to try to wipe off the floor?"

She has sacrificed much to reach the top. "I haven't many personal friends because I haven't the time to cultivate them."

When she left school three years ago she had to choose between playing at Wimbledon—lawn tennis is her other great passion—or sitting for examinations to enter university. She chose Wimbledon.

It was there, in 1955, that she treated the crowd to one of her rare exhibitions of temperament. Matched against an opponent who persistently stone-walled and soft-lobbed, she deliberately skied a ball out of court and shouted across the net: "When you intend to play, send me a telegram!" Then she fled, sobbing, to her mother.

"Even then," says her mother proudly, "she went back on to the court and won the match."

Temperamental players at Dortmund will not stand a chance against her.

Once, when Ann made a winning shot in a table tennis match against Hungary, her older opponent stormed up to the official marker and loudly claimed the point.

Ann Haydon snapped, "Let her keep it"—then promptly slammed two sizzling shots to put the issue beyond doubt. THE END

why I think he liked me, and liked to come to Essen. My plant was the biggest. My cannons were the biggest."

Krupp once complained that many who opposed his release from prison did so on the grounds that "the Krupps have never been able to keep their hands off politics."

"Personally, I'm not a bit interested in politics," he says. "I remember when the Americans were interrogating me at Nuremberg, one of them said: 'The trouble with you, Krupp, is that you should have been *more* interested in politics!' "

In spite of his great wealth, and perhaps because of his two broken marriages, Krupp today is a lonely man. Now he prefers to live in a fifteen-roomed house where he can look down on the old family seat that has nurtured so much genius, yet so much misery for humanity. He is fond of sports cars and photography. He dislikes opera and has no time for cinemas or night clubs. He used to go hunting and sailing (he won third prize in a yacht race in the 1936 Olympics) but now devotes himself to work.

He does not spare himself and he expects hard work from his employees, in return for which they get a cradle-to-grave system of social security.

This makes the Kruppianer utterly dependent on him. He is their Führer—and they like it.

Though he was once put on his firm's "lazy list" for turning up late when he was a boy apprentice, Krupp is no layabout today. He has personally visited Turkey, South America, India, Egypt and Canada in one year. He is to make a tour of Japan and the Philippines this spring.

His example is followed right down the line. When his chief lieutenant, bouncing, breezy Berthold Beitz, and a fellow director went to Russia last year and secured a £4 million order for textile machinery, Mikoyan referred to them as "the first swallows of commerce from the Western world."

Forty-two year old Beitz, formerly an insurance director, was picked by Krupp as his deputy when he decided that the firm needed new blood to invigorate it. It was a shrewd choice. Beitz by-passed tradition in favour of aggressive methods and soon had the concern buzzing with new energy.

Krupp is now making money out of anything from stainless steel dentures to collar studs, as well as machinery, locomotives, lorries and blast furnaces, and may become as big a menace to Britain in peace as in war. With his enormous industrial power uncurbed, he might drive us from our markets.

It is certain that Krupp's will continue to expand abroad. Alfried has been asked to build steel plants in Brazil and Mexico. He is interested in Labrador and the Argentine, Asia, Greece and Egypt.

It must be accepted that the Allied plan to control Krupp has petered out. Its ultimate futility was that it was completed years too late. In 1945 it was easy to "discipline" a German firm. But already by 1953 West Germany had become a sovereign state and an ally of the Western powers.

Now Adenauer is Krupp's staunchest ally. This is hardly surprising as in the German elections Krupp backed the Adenauer party and other anti-Socialist parties just as he backed the Nazis before the war. Naturally, Adenauer refuses to nationalize Krupp's, so Alfried has won hands down.

He has learned much from the past. He bans ostentation, drives a small grey car and vetoes neon signs on the head office buildings. He is not overwhelmed by success. Far from it. He accepts it as his due.

But his stark determination is shown in his most telling phrase: "The only way to have stopped us would have been to have killed us all." THE END

Key to a Dream

THE images of war are mostly unspeakable, splendid or funny. Not so the Drunken American. His image, which I have carried with me ever since the autumn of 1943 was pathetic.

Scogliani, thirty miles from Naples, got the full German treatment. Kesselring's engineers hadn't always waited for families to get out of their houses before blowing them up. Four-fifths of the population fled to join the aimless stream of refugees on the main roads. The fighting had become what military experts call "fluid," which means that nobody has the slightest idea what is happening. Sometimes the gunfire ceased, but never the rain, hissing into the steaming mud.

I was a liaison officer with the Eighth Army, supposed to maintain contact with Mark Clark's Fifth Army by riding a motor-cycle back and forth across a sea of slime. I had water in the carburettor, and no petrol.

Two buildings in Scogliani still had roofs on them: the Church of Santa Monica and the *Trattoria Centrale*. In the *trattoria* I got about half a pint of brandy in exchange for bully-beef.

There was one other customer: a G.I. slumped across a table, dead drunk. I went over and shook him.

He rolled over and would have fallen off the table if I hadn't caught him. His face was smooth and white and young: he couldn't have been more than nineteen.

"Lea' me alone," he grunted.

I SAID: "You help me and I'll help you. I want you to take me to your unit. I need transport."

He lurched upright and focused his eyes. "You're a Limey. A Limey officer. I hate the guts of officers."

"All right;" I said. "You hate officers. Now, that transport. . . ."

He collapsed into a fit of giggling. "Oh, but you're too late, Lieutenant! I had a liddle truck just an hour ago, but now I don't have a truck any more." His face assumed a deadpan solemnity. "Shall I show you what I got instead? Look!"

He unbuttoned his battledress and lugged out a string tied round his neck. It carried his identity disc—and an enormous key, ornately worked and gleaming. I caught at the disc and read it: *Scotto A.P.*; and his number.

"I don't understand, Scotto. What's happened to your truck?"

"I traded it for this key. . . ."

"What was in the truck, Scotto?"

"Rations." He jerked his head impatiently. "The guy said his family was starving." He gripped my arm unsteadily. "It's the key of his house. He gave me his *house*, don't you understand? His house for some food. A *palazzo*, he called it." Scotto wrapped his mouth around the word and repeated it. "*Palazzo*. Said he didn't need it any more. Said I could come back here after the war and live in it for free—anyone with dollars could live like a king. . . . He gave me the deeds, too. . . ."

Scotto fumbled in his breast pocket and produced a grubby scrap of paper with a few words scribbled on it. It said that G. Lamberti hereby assigned his residence, the Villa Serena, to Signor Scotto A.P., and that this document was valid under war conditions until a formal agreement could be drawn up with lawyers in Rome.

URGENTLY, I tried to tell Scotto he'd been made a fool of, but his bloodshot eyes were so blazing with belief that I couldn't. Instead I said: "It doesn't say where the villa is."

"Ah, it must be somewhere around."

Scotto waved his arm vaguely, knocking over his empty glass, which smashed on the floor. He stared down at the splinters of glass for a few seconds. When he raised his eyes again, I saw he was weeping.

In the mud, a few yards away from where his lorry had jammed, he'd seen a baby with one arm blown off by a mine. That was Scotto's image of war.

"No bigger than my sister's kid," he said. "Died while I was looking at it."

He began to curse, all the swear-words he knew, as if he hadn't known them long. Most of all he cursed about Italy. "Look at it! Kids without shoes. Girls who'll sleep with you for a can of corn-beef hash. Those back streets in Naples. . . . No money, no work, no hope. And it's been that way for hundreds of years."

I gave him a cigarette.

"I'll tell you something, Lieutenant. My grandfather quit this country fifty years ago because he thought it was washed up even then."

The rain wasn't so heavy now, and I stood up. I said: "I'm going to try and thumb a ride to Caserta. Coming?"

SCOTTO shook his head. "I'm gonna stay here." He took the key from his battledress again, and swung it like a pendulum on its string. "Stay here till they collect me."

His chin sank on his chest. The last I saw of him was his young head bent over the table, and the key swinging.

The last, that is, until last summer, when my paper sent me to Naples to cover the Torremeo wedding. An Italian prince was marrying a British starlet. I took a couple of days off to revisit the battlefields.

Fourteen years is plenty of time to rebuild a village, and Scogliani was unrecognizable. Only the Church of Santa Monica and the *Trattoria Centrale* reminded me that I had ever been there before. These, and—I could hardly believe my eyes—Scotto.

I watched him pouring dry Martinis for a couple of tourists, saw him throw back his head and laugh, saying in American English: "Ah, forget it—they're on the house!"

Through a lace curtain behind the counter I could see a young woman nursing a baby. She shouted to him in Italian, telling him no more drinks on the house, or the family would be ruined. As there were four more kids, all under nine, calling him Papa, I could see her point.

He came bustling out to see if I wanted another drink. "Hallo, Private Scotto!" I said.

"Signore?"

"The last time we met I was Lieutenant Rennie. It was here in forty-three."

A sharp intake of breath, and then: "Ah! You are the officer who . . . ?"

I nodded. "Have you still got that key, Scotto?"

"It is—here in Scogliani, yes."

"You did find your *palazzo*, then?"

"*Momento*." He went into the bar and returned with a bottle of red wine and two big goblets.

I sat back and took in this powerful, brown-skinned man whom I had last seen as a thin boy-soldier. I said I had come to look at the battlefields.

He shrugged at the word battlefields. "Ah, it is all different now," he said impatiently. "We have worked hard and built up our village again."

"*Your* village, Scotto?" I could no longer restrain my curiosity. "But you were an American. Didn't you go back home . . . ?"

Scotto refilled our glasses. "This is a long story, signore. You have all day?"

"All the week, if you like."

"*Allora* . . ." he began.

The return of the soldier is pretty much the same everywhere. Back home in Burgess, Illinois, nothing was as Scotto had remembered it.

Scotto's father had died just before VJ-Day: his mother and little sister had gone to live with his married sister, Elena. They made room for Scotto, but it wasn't like home any more.

There was a girl, too, I gathered. A girl called Sigrid Sandstrom whom he used to date before he joined the army. For two years she had written him the sort of letters you write to a soldier five thousand miles away to keep up his morale. One day the letters had stopped, and he heard that Miss Sandstrom had married a cropped and gleaming major at Fort Leavenworth with no speck of dirt on his tunic.

Sometimes Scotto would take the key out of a junk drawer in his bedroom with half a mind to throw it away. But it had a strange power over him. It was the one thing he had got out of the war. He'd lost the "deeds" long ago.

There was one place where Scotto felt at home. His grandmother still lived in the two-roomed apartment over the *pizzeria* in Lincoln Street which his grandfather had opened over forty years ago.

He could go to Nonna's any time he liked. Nonna never changed. He told her of the devastation and misery he had seen, the refugees screaming in front of the tanks, a five-year-old barefoot boy who had stolen his watch in Naples. . . .

"Tonino!" The old woman's voice was suddenly imperious. "Tonino, it is good for a young man to be angry and to feel pity. But you have seen Italy only in war. . . ."

Gently, she began to tell him of the good times she and Nonno had known in Italy.

Scotto listened. Nonna's gentle wisdom was healing. And when she had gained his confidence completely, he showed her the key, and told her everything about it.

NONNA listened gravely, as a little girl hears a folk-tale. She neither smiled nor scoffed.

"I can go back there, find the house—maybe sell it for a lot of money," Scotto said eagerly. "Or turn it into a hotel, or rent it to tourists, or. . . ."

"Or live in it," Nonna said softly.

"Live in it?" Scotto considered. He turned the key over and over in his hands.

Nonna's voice came to him as if from a great distance: "I think you will go back to Italy one day and find your *palazzo*. Perhaps this is the key to your kingdom. . . ."

Scotto had three jobs in quick succession—soda-jerker, car-washer, clerk in a lumberyard—and hated them all. And then in the bitter winter of 1946, Nonna died. Scotto, doubly lost now, made up his mind.

He planned his pilgrimage systematically. There was the money he had saved from his army pay; his father's Liberty Bonds; and his share of the money from the sale of the *pizzeria*. If he spent carefully, he could live for six months in Italy without taking a job. Then he found a cheap cargo boat to Naples.

As the white plume above Vesuvius came into sight, Scotto marvelled at his own madness. With nothing but a key, he was going to search the whole of Italy for a house called the Villa Serena. There must be as many Villa Serenas in Italy as there were Ryans in Ireland. . . . It was crazy, but it was exhilarating.

In Scogliani, Scotto put up at the *Trattoria Centrale*. It was kept by a Signora Guardi and her daughter Graziella, an extremely pretty girl of about seventeen who served behind the bar.

He had, as yet, no clear idea how to begin his search for the Villa Serena. On Sunday he went to Mass, and it was

It was just a pathetic vision... woven out of the smoke of war.

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

by ALAN JENKINS

In a sudden fury, Graziella struggled to break free. "You Americans all think that you can buy the world," she said

But it was bringing ex-Private Scotto face to face with strange reality

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Key to a dream

continued from previous page

here that the first finger of guidance touched him. At the church door, as the black-clad congregation filed out into the blinding sunlight, the priest greeted him.

"Good day, my son. I have not seen you before—you are American, I see."

"Yes, *Reverendo*. But my folks came from Italy two generations ago. Somewhere in the Romagna, I think."

"Come," Don Alonzo said. "Let us take a glass of wine together." And he led Scotto to the *trattoria*.

Graziella's face lit up with welcome when she saw the priest. There was an animated exchange of compliments and inquiries about the health of Graziella's mother, and then Don Alonzo ordered a bottle of wine.

"It's not a bad little place," he told Scotto, when Graziella had gone. "People still come here for old time's sake. The food's always lukewarm, and the service could be better. It's too much for those two women to run by themselves. It's a sad story. The husband was shot by the Germans for giving information to the Allies."

"But—can't they get any help?"

Don Alonzo's eyes rolled up in an expression of hopelessness. "They have not been lucky. They had two managers for the *trattoria*—one a drunkard, the other a robber. . . ."

Graziella reappeared with a bottle and glasses. "A delectable creature, is she not?" Don Alonzo beamed, patting her slender arm. "I am privileged to tell her so, for I baptized her—it seems only yesterday."

Presently, his tongue loosened by the full-bodied wine, Scotto was telling the priest the story of the war, the key and the Villa Serena. . . .

THE next few days were full of splendid confusion and excitement. The news of the key and the search for the Villa Serena spread over the countryside like a forest fire. It was mainly Biagio the postman who carried it; but it was also a hundred anonymous tongues.

Each morning Scotto set out for a fresh destination. Evenings he spent at the *Trattoria Centrale*. Not only for company: he knew now that it was Graziella who kept him there.

One evening, on a courageous impulse, Scotto asked her to sit down and have a drink with him. To his surprise she did—and began at once to ply him with questions. American women: what did they wear? Was it true that they could buy nylons outside the black market?

Scotto glanced quickly at Graziella's sunburned legs under the table. He felt a pang of pity. A cable home to Burgess, Illinois, would take only a few hours, he thought quickly: a supply of nylons could arrive in ten days. . . .

* * *

"One, two, three—*six* pairs Oh, it is too much, I couldn't. . . ." Graziella let the gossamer webs trickle through her trembling fingers. In her eyes there was a kind of agony. "There is no girl in Scogliani who has six pairs of nylons. People will gossip. . . ."

A moment later, scruples overcome, she looked down at her legs in wonder as if she had never seen them before. Then she seized Scotto's wrists, crying: "Oh, you are kind, kind to me!"

Hesitantly, she agreed to let him take her to the *festa* at San Pietro della Rocca, eighteen miles away, on the coast. From the whole countryside around, young people piled into trucks and bone-shaking cars and roared off to the sea. Of the *festa* Scotto retained only a jumble of impressions. Lofty crucifixes, a *tableau vivant* drawn along on a flower-smothered cart, a parade of children in white surplices, all singing piercingly. There were strange candies to buy and eat, peasant costumes, guitars, music and more music.

They drove homeward almost in silence. As the car climbed the hairpin twists of the narrow mountain road, Scotto felt a light pressure on his shoulder. Childlike, Graziella had fallen asleep.

Presently she woke up, rubbed her eyes and laughed. "I am very happy, Signore Tonio. . . . Thank you for giving me such a beautiful day."

"How about a cigarette?" He stopped the car, and fumbled in his pocket for a packet.

"Thank you, I do not smoke."

SHE began humming one of the Italian tunes they had danced to. He suddenly bent his head to hers, searching for her lips.

"No." Her voice came high and tense. "Let me go, Tonio."

"Ah, come on, Graziella. I won't be able to kiss you in Scogliani. People would gossip, like you're always saying. This is my only chance!"

She was angry now. She tore herself free and jumped out of the car. He chased her across a gently sloping vine-terrace. By a windbreak of cypresses he caught her and kissed her soundly.

For a second she seemed to yield; then uncoiled like a spring, and suddenly his ears thrummed with pain.

He could not understand what she was saying. She had slipped into a torrent of dialect.

He caught a word here and there: enough to know that he had behaved badly, cruelly, insulted her, treated her like a light woman. There were genuine tears in her eyes.

"You Americans," she finished. "You all think that you can buy the world."

Scotto was flabbergasted. "All I did was to show you a good time and buy you a few pairs of nylons."

"Nylons!" she spat. She kicked off her shoes, pulled up her skirt and peeled off her stockings. "You shall see that some people have pride. See what I do with your nylons." They floated into the dark valley below.

"Down there are the lights of Scogliani," she panted. "I can walk home, thank you."

Scotto mumbled some kind of apology. At length Graziella stiffly consented to enter the Topolino, but insisted on sitting in the back seat. At the *trattoria* she thanked him coldly, and got out.

Next morning it was Mamma who served his breakfast. In her eyes and tight lips he read puzzlement and hostility. He inquired for Graziella, but was told she had gone marketing.

"I see," Scotto said. "Will you tell her goodbye for me, please?"

"You are leaving, Signore?" Mamma was clearly disturbed at losing a good lodger.

"I have to go to the north on business. I do not know for how long."

Mamma sniffed. "Looking for your ridiculous *palazzo*, I suppose."

"That's right. Looking for my ridiculous *palazzo*."

Ten days after he had left Scogliani his bitter mood was succeeded by a flat emptiness. He had gone away, not

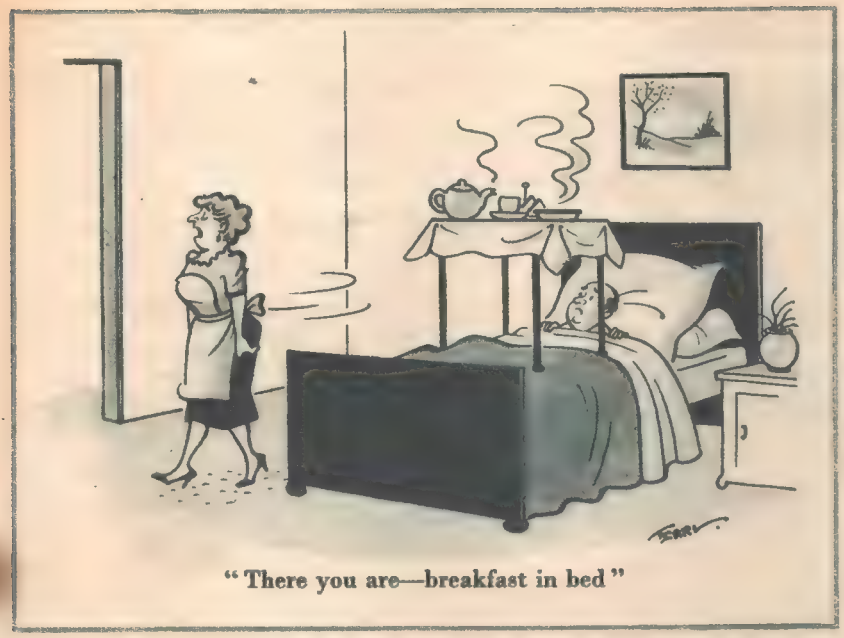
BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES—1

Beard was never the true standard of brains.

Thomas Fuller

TWO COMPLETE STORIES

The Man from Yesterday by JOHN WYNDHAM



"There you are—breakfast in bed"

only to find his villa, but to get himself sorted out. Maybe his time in Italy was up. Maybe it was time to go home.

Home. Home was Burgess, Illinois, wasn't it? Yet that was not the picture that flashed across the screen of his mind. He could see only the new-built, nondescript houses of Scogliani, and the battered glass doors of the *Trattoria Centrale*.

All it needed was a bit of capital, new equipment, efficient management.

All at once everything became crystal clear. Scotto, with a private yell of exultation, turned the car about and roared south towards Milan. In two days he was back in Scogliani. Dishevelled and unshaven, he marched into the *Trattoria Centrale* with an armful of wild flowers he had gathered in the mountains that morning.

Even before he saw Graziella's white, distraught face he sensed that something was wrong. The café was empty but for two grim-faced men in black hats who were leaning on the bar.

"I brought you these flowers," Scotto stammered. "I want to say how sorry I am about. . . ."

"Thank you. It does not matter now." Her breast rose and fell. "I did not think you would come back."

One of the men came lumbering over. "Signorina, we have to do our duty."

"What's happened?" Scotto was mystified. "Where is your mother?"

"She is very ill. The doctor is with her. The shock was too much."

"Shock?"

GRAZIELLA gave way to tears at last. "It would be better if you had never come back, than for you to see us like this," she sobbed. "We are in great trouble, Tonio. These men have come to take away our furniture, everything we have. . . . Mamma and I have struggled so long to keep this place going, but now it is all finished."

"Signorina," the man said gruffly. "You must sign this paper, please. The removal men arrive tomorrow."

"Don't sign it, Graziella," Scotto rapped out. He turned to the black-hatted men. "All debts will be paid within a week. . . ."

"No, Tonio." Graziella's eyes blazed through her tears. "This is madness."

Scotto thrust a five-thousand-lire note into the hand of each of the black-hatted men. They shrugged and went away. Scotto said: "Now, Graziella, I would like to see your mother. I want to invest some money in this café."

Nonna's money; his war gratuity; savings, Liberty Bonds. . . . He could do it, just about.

"You are very kind, Tonio, but we could not accept it."

"This is business, Graziella."

The corners of her mouth trembled into a smile. "No, Tonio," she said softly. "I do not think this is business."

"And another thing," he insisted. "I need a job. . . ."

The *Trattoria Centrale* had a neon sign, new furniture, a new cook and its books were balanced. Scotto went on living in the Guardis' small guest-room above the bar, and scrupulously paid them rent out of his salary.

Summer baked the wild country to the brown of autumn, and one evening Scotto and Graziella climbed up into the hills in search of yet another Villa Serena. It was Don Alonzo who sent them there, and he would have come, too, but it was hardly bicycling country.

ON the way they paused at a tiny chapel dedicated to St. Anthony, where the shepherds came in winter to pray for lambs lost in the snow.

"We should light a candle for the Saint of Lost Things," Graziella suggested prudently. "Perhaps he will help us in our search."

They did so; and now Scotto did a strange thing. He took the key from its cord around his neck and hung it on a rusty nail in the wall. "This is my gift to Saint Anthony," he said.

"Saint Anthony often takes a long time to find things, Tonio," she warned.

"I know," he sighed. "I know that now. You see, Graziella, I have an odd feeling about that key; a feeling that I have already found—something. Not what I was looking for, but—something."

As they came out of the chapel again, Scotto stood and stared down into the valley, where the first lamps of evening flickered in the village of Scogliani.

"I will tell you what I have found, Graziella," he said. He took her in his arms: she clung to him, trembling. "I have found you, and I have found my home. This is my home, where my ancestors were born. This is where I must stay for the rest of my life. . . ."

There were tears in Scotto's eyes as he told me these things. But now Graziella herself had come out of the café and stood akimbo beside our table. Her face and figure were plumper than I had expected, her voice more strident. "Tonio! You are boring the signore, and your food is getting spoiled because you don't come and eat it."

Scotto made a contented grimace. "You see, signore, how it is when one is married."

Suddenly he was every inch the good innkeeper. "I hope you like *osso buco*, Signore Rennie? You do? *Bene, bene,*" he beamed. "Come, let us go in to lunch." THE END

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The Wild Babies by **NORAH BURKE**

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The battle to save my 1½lb baby

continued from page 9

first precious hours, lack of iron and a tendency to anaemia could add to the troubles. So might jaundice.

That day and the next day, Mary Dennett, the senior sister from the premature unit, came to see me several times. Each time I thought hopelessly, "the baby is dead." Each time I was wrong. There was still a chance.

On Monday, Barbara Karen, as we had decided to call her, was baptized in her incubator by the hospital chaplain. On Tuesday, Sister Dennett told me that I could see my baby.

As I reached for my dressing-gown she asked gently: "You are sure you really want to? You realize her chances of living are small?"

I said, "Yes." If she died without my seeing her, I knew I would regret it all my life.

I followed Sister Dennett along the corridor, on her instructions donned a face mask and a white overall, and entered the main room of the unit. There were several incubators and a large oxygen cylinder along one wall. In one of the incubators I caught a glimpse of the tiniest baby I had seen in my life. "That one is three pounds," I was told. "This is yours, over here."

Karen was fourteen inches long with a head nine inches in circumference tapering sharply to the crown. She was devoid of fat, and her skin, stretched tightly over the smallest of bones, was almost transparent.

Her arms, no thicker than my finger, were stretched up by her ears, and I noticed that her nails, the size of pinheads, were already formed. Her eyes were shut. She looked pathetically like a skinned rabbit.

Her limbs never moved, but she twitched convulsively with the effort of breathing. After the battle of each breath she lay motionless, and it seemed the next breath would never come.

Up to this stage she had needed her minute output of vitality exclusively for breathing and it had been impossible to feed her. Her weight had dropped to twenty-two ounces. At that moment she was the smallest baby in the country. It was incredible that she could be alive.

The incubator, finished in chromium and enamel with a complicated panel of controls, provided her with the conditions which pediatricians had decided were the best for survival. Oxygen was maintained at a steady thirty-five per cent, the temperature was ninety degrees Fahrenheit, and there was between ninety and a hundred per cent humidity—an atmosphere so moist that it steamed up the observation glass on the incubator.

As nearly as possible, she had been provided with the environment from which she had emerged.

When I returned to the ward, everyone asked what Karen looked like. I told them and they said, "Oh, she'll be fine now." But I knew it was not true, and that they knew it. At the best it would be touch-and-go for weeks; at the worst, her struggle might have ended even during my short walk from the unit. Nevertheless, I felt better for having seen her.

When she had been seventy hours in the incubator Karen began to mouth and cry. It was the thin cry of a newborn kitten rather than that of a baby, but it was hopeful to the watchers at her side. She was hungry.

Because it would be many weeks before she was strong enough to suck her food, a fine tube was gently inserted in her mouth and worked down into her stomach. Through it she was given two drams of water in which were diluted a sugar preparation.

In this way she was fed twice that day. The next day she graduated to tinned milk of "natural" strength.

Following each feed she was watched especially closely. Her cough-reflex had not yet developed, and any food she regurgitated might easily choke her.

We knew that she was being watched also for a moment of even greater danger—the moment when a very small premature baby inexplicably "goes off"; and the hour-by-hour fight becomes a second-to-second affair.

Eight days after the birth I had to leave the hospital. With promises from Sister Dennett that I could phone or visit when I liked, I took what I still feared might be my last look at Karen, and travelled to my mother's home at Wigan, where I was to stay for a week.

When I arrived my sister Betty and her husband were there to greet me with their children, Stephen who is three, and Gillian, then six months old.

Seeing Gillian, so strong and healthily developed, suddenly proved too much for me. I took her in my arms, ran into the living-room where I was alone with the child, and wept in despair.

That evening Jack and I rang the hospital. We learned that Karen was "progressing normally."

I spent the week moodily, with no desire to speak to anyone outside the family. For no sensible reason I felt guilty for what had happened. I held myself responsible for Karen's premature birth. Except for our visits to the hospital I stayed indoors.

The doctor told me that it is generally believed that the causes of prematurity fall into two main divisions: one associated with a failure of the mother's reproductive system, the other with an imperfection in the make-up of the unborn child. In the second case the baby almost never survives.

Neither Jack nor I dared anticipate a future for our daughter. Instead we lived from one visit to another, making the most of each small event in the infant's development—the day she opened her eyes when she was two weeks old, the time she raised enough energy to swing herself right round inside the incubator. . . .

Because Karen wore nothing in the incubator other than a diminutive pair of socks I was denied the normal pleasure of knitting for my baby. One day I saw a pattern for bootees for a child's doll which I thought might be small enough to fit her. Enthusiastically I knitted six pairs in pink wool. To my joy they proved a perfect size.

At a month we registered her birth. Although we knew we would have to register her whether she lived or not, we left it to the last permissible moment, because we felt that to register her earlier would have tempted fate.

The fourth week was a good one. Too good to last. Between Monday and Thursday Karen put on two ounces. On the way home from the hospital I was in high spirits. I rang my mother to tell her the news.

A few nights later the moment we had been dreading arrived. At midnight we were roused by a knock on the door. It was the police. Would we phone Billinge Hospital?

Hurriedly we dressed and went to the call box. There was a note of urgency in the night sister's voice. "Baby 'went off' after her last feed. I'm afraid it's serious. I'd like you to come. . . ."

We called a taxi and waited.

Forty minutes later we arrived at the hospital. Karen was quite motionless. Her colour had changed to a frightening grey. A small oxygen mask was placed in front of her face to give her extra oxygen, and the sister we had talked to on the phone was giving artificial respiration.

As we watched, Karen's colour changed from grey to blue. She had become cyanosed—a serious condition caused by imperfectly oxygenated blood. Suddenly she was not breathing. Her heart had stopped.

More artificial respiration. She flickered. Hastily, a stimulant called nikethamide was injected in her leg, and her lips were moistened with brandy. She began to show signs of life. When we left at three o'clock in the morning, the worst was over for the time being.

At seven o'clock we phoned the hospital again. There had been a further attack, we were told, but she had recovered.

Now the lack of iron in her system, which had always been a nagging worry, became an acute one. Normally a reserve of iron is passed to a baby from its mother near the end of pregnancy. A premature baby does not get this supply, needed to build up haemoglobin for the red blood cells, the main energy source of the body.

When Karen was six weeks old, a course of iron injections was started. Her response was good.

Each time we approached the unit we would glance anxiously through the window to see if the supplementary oxygen cylinder was near her incubator. When we saw that it was not, we exchanged smiles of relief.

On July 7 Karen was fed by tube for the last time. She was strong enough to suck her milk from a special feeder about the size of a fountain-pen, which had a very small teat at one end. Her progress now became comparatively rapid.

By the middle of August she had gained three and a half inches in length since birth and now measured exactly a foot round the head. She had begun to fill out, and her proportions showed every promise of being excellent, as were her reactions to simple tests for eyesight, hearing and intelligence. At last we dared to indulge in confidence.

"After all," said Jack, "Winston Churchill, Queen Victoria, and Mahatma Gandhi were all premature."

The eleventh week brought a really big event in our lives. For the first time since her birth Karen was taken out of the incubator. The previous day, the glass-top had been opened to acclimatize her to the atmosphere of the room. Now she was lifted clear of the "artificial womb," dressed, despite her protests, in a miniature flannelette nightgown, and placed in a cot.

Now she was ours

Although she was much larger than she had been, the clothes seemed to emphasize her smallness. I handled her as though she were the most fragile and precious thing in the world.

One fine Sunday at the end of August —fifteen weeks to the day since Karen was born—we went to the hospital to fetch her home. Sister Dennett and her staff said goodbye to Karen fondly. She weighed 5 lb. 10 oz. They had performed a marvel of devoted nursing. Now it was up to us.

I had bathed and nursed Karen at the hospital often during the last few weeks, but holding her on the way home seemed different. At last she was *absolutely* mine.

And she was unbelievably strong. She would arch her back and almost fly out of my hands. Suddenly she began to cry lustily. "Just like you," commented Jack. "Quick tempered."

"No, like you," I retorted. "Stubborn."

Our laughter reduced the first of the Thomas children to quizzical silence.

By new-born standards Karen was still a small baby. We had instructions to keep her away from crowds, to keep her indoors on damp or foggy days, and not to forget her mixture containing vitamins A, B, C and D. The dose prescribed was fifteen drops.

When I looked at the bottle for the first time, I had a shock. Plainly printed on the label was the adult dose, *eight or nine* drops.

Once more Jack and I trekked to the phone box. This time the nurse at the unit just laughed. "It's quite correct," she said. "For a while Karen's vitamin intake will be greater than an adult's. Between now and next spring she will catch up to normal weight for her age. She needs all the vitamins she can get."

In the next five months she gained nearly ten pounds. She has become a proper "podge." The other week I did what I had wanted to do for a long time. I took from a drawer upstairs the nightdresses I had made for our baby early in my pregnancy.

At ten months, she is just the right size to wear them. THE END

BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES—2

If you think that to grow a beard is to acquire wisdom, then a goat is at once a complete Plato.

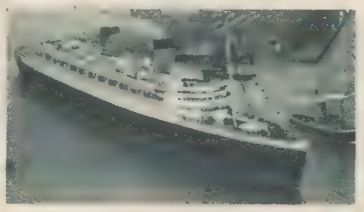
Lucian

All these events took place in the same year—but

Which year?

Mr. Winston Churchill was invested with the Order of Merit in January.

The year's most audacious robbery was the theft of jewellery worth £20,000 from the Duchess of Windsor at Sunningdale.



The world's largest liner, the Queen Elizabeth, completed her maiden voyage as a regular passenger liner.

National Service was increased to two years, instead of eighteen months.

Payment of Family Allowances began in August.

The six-month period before a decree nisi was made absolute was reduced to six weeks. [It is now three months.]

In November the King, Queen and Princesses attended the first Royal Command Film Performance and saw "A Matter Of Life And Death."

The standard 2-lb. loaf was reduced to 1¾ lb., and two months later bread rationing began.

In September the B.B.C. inaugurated its Third Programme.

Airborne, a 50-1 outsider, won the Derby, and Walter Hammond led the Test team to Australia in the winter.

The first radar contact with the moon was recorded.

Now turn to page 28 for the year

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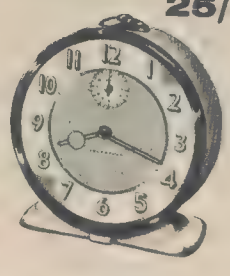

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The Thousand Islands Snatch

continued from page 8

all, don't quit the job. Stay with Harrison till he pays you off. When the police come, play it like I said—you know nothing, it's just a summer job. You haven't any friends. You haven't talked to anyone."

Joaquin nodded. "I do that."

"We won't be seeing you again," said Paxton. He was standing up now, hands on hips, giving orders. "Not for some time, anyway. You'll get your cut when it's safe to send it. But don't come anywhere near us, even if you know where we are. If the police watch anyone on board, it will be you. Just remember that."

"I remember."

"You better," said Dino ferociously. "If you do give them a lead, I cut your throat. That's for sure."

Joaquin hesitated, nervous, unhappy. Then he went out, followed by Curly Bates.

"You don't have to pressure him, Dino," said Paxton, when he was gone.

Dino expelled his cigarette smoke, derisively. "I know his sort," he said. "The police get after him, he'll crumple up, start to talk."

"You forget something," said Paxton. "He's got nothing to talk about. We're going to disappear. On one of the Thousand Islands. *Thousand* Islands," he repeated, with special emphasis. "Joe doesn't know which one."

Ellen Harper Harrison was bored. It was true that the cruise from Rochester to Montreal had been fun, and the Royal St. Lawrence Club was a handsome and cheerful place to tie up to. But in spite of this, she was bored.

BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES—3

Strange that pre-eminence in Germany has more than once been indicated by an eccentric pattern in the hair upon the upper lip.

Philip Guedalla

And the reason, she realized, was that she missed Greg Perring.

Her father, innocently reading his morning newspaper under Shearwater's awning, was startled to intercept, when he chanced to glance up, a look of such concentrated dissatisfaction upon his daughter's face that he came to the alert instantly.

"What's the matter, honey?" he inquired.

"I was just thinking, that's all."

"Glad I'm out of the line of fire," he said. "If I *am* out of it."

"Oh it's not you," she reassured him. "It's not Shearwater either. As if it could be! It's—oh, I suppose it's Greg."

"That *feeble* young man."

"Yes, that feeble young man." Newly aroused, she faced him squarely. "What's he playing at—just tell me that! He *lives* here. Why hasn't he called me?"

"Does he know you're here?"

"Of course. I told him."

"When?"

"When I last wrote. Oh, all right—it was a month ago. But he knows."

"You couldn't call him, I suppose?"

"Why, Daddy—you must be out of your mind."

JOHN HARPER HARRISON grunted noncommittally. He was far from agreeing, but he was not at home either in these affairs or in this age-group. About to return to his newspaper, he asked, by way of a change of subject: "Are you taking the launch this afternoon?"

"I suppose so," said Ellen dispiritedly. "Actually I'm feeling lazy. I may not go."

A sudden disturbance at their side resolved itself into Joe, juggling with an ashtray which finally dropped and splintered on the deck.

"Joe!" said John Harper Harrison, in startled reproof. "For Heaven's sake. . . ."

"Sir, very sorry!" Joe retrieved the broken pieces, so awkwardly that he dropped most of them again and had to do it a second time. When finally he had finished, he straightened up and addressed Ellen: "You go in boat, please?"

"I don't know, Joe. It doesn't matter. I'll tell the engineer if I want it."

"Nice day, plenty sun," said Joe, oddly persuasive.

"I'll tell the engineer," said Ellen again.

"You know," said John Harper Harrison, in a voice suddenly altered. "I think you *will* go."

"Why, Dad?"

Looking past her, smiling broadly, her father said: "Come aboard, Greg."

ELLEN and Greg strolled ashore arm in arm, watched with shadowed eyes by young men who would have made fantastic sacrifices—even their hopes of winning the next sailing race—for the same privilege; but it did not take long for them to reach disagreement.

"But, honey," said Greg Perring, "I had to *work*. We were snowed under, right in the middle of something important. It was something I just couldn't leave."

"You didn't want to."

"That's perfectly true—I didn't want to." Greg, a good-looking young man (but thin, thought Ellen) with a remote air of inner calculation made the rash admission far too readily. "It really was important."

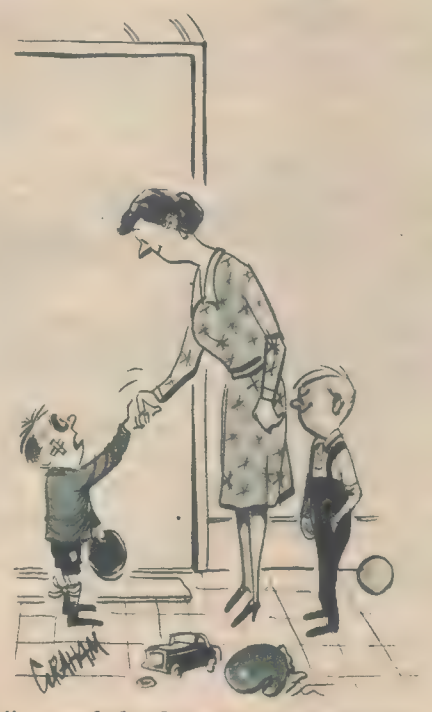
She took her arm away at that, and they stood at the end of the dock, under the great plane trees. "What's more important than me?" she demanded.

"It depends what particular area we're discussing," answered Greg judiciously—much too judiciously. "In a way, there's nothing more important to me than you, because I love you. In another way, this thing that we're working on is more important still, because it's my job——"

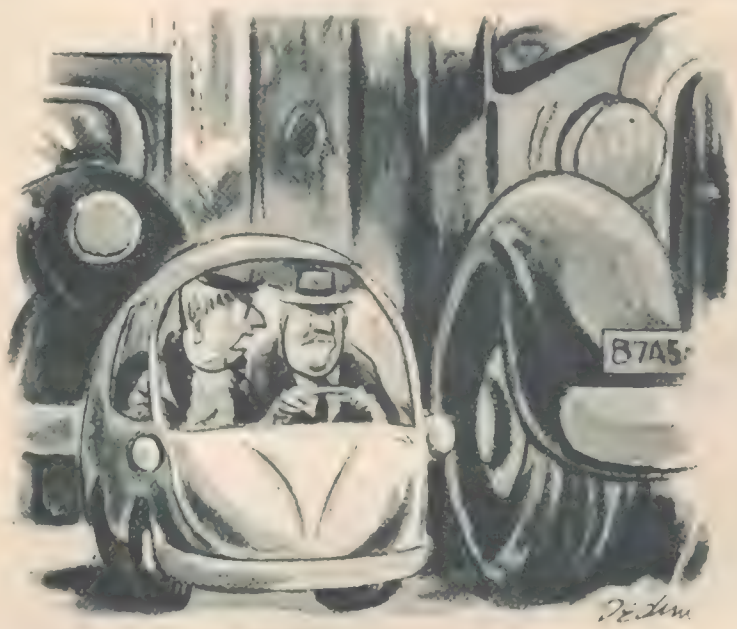
"I just don't want to hear," said Ellen with vehemence. And then added: "What is it, exactly?"

He grinned suddenly, maddeningly, and answered: "It's a new kind of metal suitable for the trigger mechanism of a——"

"Greg Perring!" she burst out. "I believe you're just trying to make me



"... and thank you for having me"



"Incidentally, what are you doing with all the money you're saving on petrol?"

mad. Trigger mechanism! Is *that* more important than meeting me?"

"We are hoping," Greg said, with that earnest concentration which concealed an even more annoying sense of the ridiculous, "that history will say 'Yes' to that."

"Well, I say 'No' to it." She looked at him with undisguised dislike. "Luckily everyone hereabouts doesn't feel the same way as you. There are plenty of boys who put me right at the top of their list."

"H'm."

She glared at him. "What does that silly noise mean?"

"I suppose it means that I'm not the competitive type."

"And what does *that* mean?"

"Cut it out, Ellen," he begged, by now slightly harassed. "You know what I mean. If you love me, that's wonderful. If you fall for someone else when I'm not there, there's not a thing I can do about it."

"You could make an effort."

"It's not a question of effort. It's simply a matter of *you* making up your mind what you want."

"I never heard anything more feeble in my whole life."

He shook his head. "Not feeble. Just common sense. I'm not a battler, sweetheart. You know that. I'm a man of reason—or I try to be."

"Sometimes I wonder," she answered, exasperated, "if you're a man at all."

"You must make up your mind about that, too."

"Greg Perring, I believe you're doing all this on purpose."

AFTER lunch, Ellen announced that she was going to take the launch out after all.

"Can I come along?" asked Greg.

"I usually go alone," answered Ellen coolly.

"That's when I'm not here."

"And it's my last day."

"That's another good reason."

"Oh—all right!"

Her father, looking up as the launch drew away, caught sight of Joaquin's face. It had on it a look of such anguished despair that he found himself staring.

The look which had crossed Joaquin Barzan's face as Shearwater's launch drew away, bearing Ellen Harper Harrison and that disastrous extra passenger, Greg Perring, was nothing compared with the spasm of rage and shock which contorted Paxton's whole being about five minutes later.

Paxton drew in his breath sharply as his binoculars gave him the bad news; and then the other two with him in the launch noticed the second figure, and the shock spread to them swiftly.

"Hey, Pax!" said Curly Bates sharply. "Look—there's someone with her!"

"*Mamma mia*!" exclaimed Dino. "Pax, there's a man——"

"I've got eyes," snarled Paxton. Of course, it had to happen today. . . .

The launch drew level with them, half a mile away, then continued on up the channel, leaving them dismayed. Dino's face was sweating. "What we do now " he asked tensely.

Curly said: "We'll have to put it off, that's what."

PAXTON dropped his binoculars, and rubbed his eyes. Then he glared round at them. "I'll make the decisions, and I'll give the orders. . . . We can't put it off, that's for sure. This is the last day. They'll be gone tomorrow."

"But we can't take both of them."

"Why not?" snapped Paxton.

"We only want the girl. That's what the plan was. We can't change it now."

"Why not?" said Paxton again.

"Hey, that's right," said Dino, beginning to recover his spirits. "We take them both. Not so difficult. What he look like, Pax?"

"Just a kid."

"I take care of him," said Dino. "I take care both of them."

Their boat rocked gently in the tideway; the sun fell warmly on their backs. Shearwater's launch was a mile away now, diminishing rapidly.

"Let's work it out," said Paxton. His cold eyes were coming alive again. "The job's got to be done today. Otherwise we lose out. Dino, when we land, you look after the boy."

"I look after him good," said Dino.

"Not too rough," warned Paxton. "Just rough enough. . . . Curly, you stick with the boat, have it ready to move. I'll see to the girl myself."

"I don't like it," Curly said nervously. "It's not what we planned."

"You don't have to like it," growled Dino. "Just keep the boat going."

"But do you mean," Curly asked Paxton, "we take *both* of them up to Thousand Islands?"

"Why not? The place is big enough."

"But we don't want him."

"We can't leave him behind—not unless we bury him."

There was no change in Paxton's tone of voice as he said that, and there was none in Dino's as the latter answered, almost jovially: "We could do that. . . . How are you with a spade Curly?"

"That's enough of that," said Curly fearfully. "You both promised——"

"All right," said Paxton, cutting it short. "He goes with us. He needn't give us any trouble. It's just too bad he came along, that's all. Too bad for him." He raised his binoculars again, taking a last look at the launch, now a

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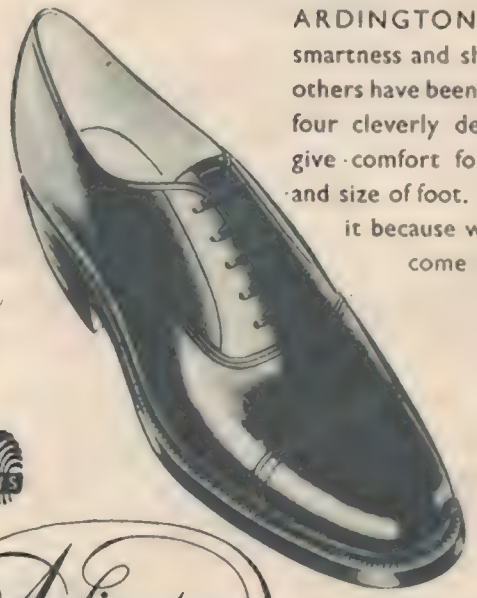

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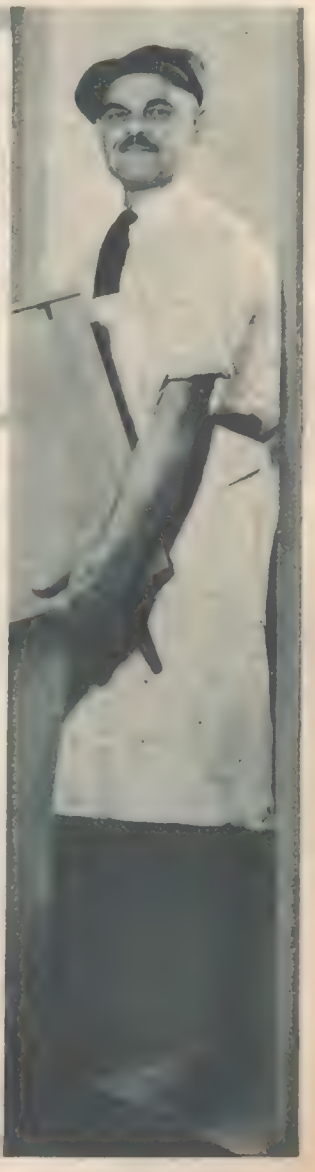

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"Oh, no—not broccoli again!"

The Thousand Islands Snatch

continued from previous page

small white dot on the wide surface of the lake. "This isn't going to change anything. We'll give them half an hour, like we planned. Then we'll go."

ELLEN said scornfully: "But you can't really believe that. It's so *useless*. Even if there's no more war, there'll always be competition. You've got to join in. Otherwise you'll be left behind."

"I don't mind being left behind," said Greg Perring.

"But you compete in your job?"

"On the contrary," he answered, annoyingly like a schoolmaster, "scientific research is a matter of teamwork, and nothing else."

"But you still want your team to be the best team."

"Certainly."

"There you are, then. That's competition."

"But it's not personal competition," he insisted. He saw a frown cross her face, as she lay gracefully relaxed in the sunshine, and he added: "It's no good, Ellen. I just don't believe in fighting, kicking the ladder away, anything like that. That's what's wrong with the world nowadays."

She dribbled some sand between her slim fingers. "Wouldn't you fight for me?" she asked.

"There's no reason why that should ever be necessary. This isn't a jungle. Not unless we make it so."

"Well, just so long as I know."

Presently, to bridge a silence in danger of becoming awkward, Greg raised himself on one elbow and looked about him. The small beach on which they were lying was peaceful and deserted.

But then he noticed that their peace was going to be threatened. "Darn it!" he said suddenly. "There's another boat coming."

"Why does that matter?" she asked.

"I wanted you to myself."

"Why, Greg Perring! Isn't that competing? Don't you want to share me with the whole wide world?"

"You know I don't."

The intruding motor-launch nosed its way inshore. There were three men in it and the two tallest got out. One was dark and fattish, the other lean; they were both curiously purposeful.

"They're coming to speak to us," said Greg, annoyed.

Without opening her eyes, Ellen said: "Don't forget that we are all brothers."

When he was still twenty yards away, the lean man called out: "Have you folks got any gas to spare?"

"Sorry," said Greg.

"It doesn't matter," said the lean man. Suddenly he and his companion were standing over them, hands deep in their pockets. "We don't need any."

As in a dream, Greg watched the two guns come out. The lean man was staring down at them with wolfish eyes and the fat one was smiling, not pleasantly.

"Ellen!" Greg shouted out, in anguished warning.

"Stand up!" commanded Paxton. "Both of you. But nice and slow," his gun-muzzle dropped, to point directly at Ellen's horrified face, "—because I am just a bundle of nerves."

Taken by surprise, they could do nothing; the fantastic dream continued, but swiftly it assumed an ugly air.

"But this is ridiculous——" began Greg Perring, and then broke off with a cry of pain as Dino stepped forward and kicked him on the knee-cap.

"Didn't you hear?" asked the Italian roughly. "He said to stand up."

They both got to their feet. On Ellen's face amazement struggled with a growing fear. "My father," she began, and stopped, more fearful than ever. The buttressed world of John Harper Harrison seemed very far away at that moment. Instead she turned to Greg Perring. "Greg!" she called out. "Do something!"

"Don't do something, Greg," said Paxton, with horrible familiarity. "It might be the wrong thing. Just start walking towards the water."

GREG answered bravely: "You must be crazy. I'll do nothing of the kind. You can't get away with this, whatever it is." He looked out across the lake but there was no help on hand. "You must be crazy," he repeated. "What is it you want? Money?"

Dino stepped up to him again. With one hand he grasped his shirt collar and with the other—fleshy, powerful—he gave him a brutal slap across the mouth.

"Time you learned take orders," said Dino.

Paxton, looking at the girl, said almost conversationally: "I'd hate to have to do that to you. But that wouldn't stop me."

Ellen stared back, torn between her fear and a fiery disgust. "You brutes!" she said savagely. "You filthy low-down—Greg! Hit him back. You're taller than he is. He's just a fat greasy——"

"He's got a gun," said Greg, mumbling between thickened lips.

"He wouldn't dare use it. You know

Which year? *(see page 24)*
The year was 1946

what these cheap gangsters really are."

"Lady," said Dino, "I throw away my gun, and still murder your boy friend. And then"—he leered—"I start on you."

"It's no good, Ellen," said Greg.

"Spoken like a man," said Paxton. "A sensible man, but a man at that."

"What is it you want?" asked Ellen.

"You," answered Paxton. "You and lover-boy. In that boat." He pointed to the launch. "Now let's cut out the conversation, and start moving. . . ."

The launch had a small cabin, not much more than a box under the foredeck, and in this Ellen Harper Harrison and Greg Perring lay for more than seven weary, fearful hours, while the boat sped westwards, first into the afternoon sun, then through the long twilight, then stealthily in the dark.

SOMETIMES they moved swiftly, and the engine noise in the confined space beat mercilessly on their eardrums; sometimes there were long silences as they went through the locks, broken by footsteps and the thud of ropes on the deck overhead.

They did not talk: fear and shame seemed to divide them; and they did not cry out, even when they had the chance. Dino had warned them of this, peering down into the cabin. "You make noise, be the last noise you make," he said. With the point of his pistol he touched Ellen's shoulder.

The cramped cabin had a small porthole, and through it Greg watched their progress as long as the light lasted; past Ile Perrot at the head of the lake; up the long stretch to Cornwall and the giant Seaway operations; then more slowly as the river narrowed and they took to the canal-and-lock system.

Greg knew it well; he had been born in a small St. Lawrence River town; he loved it, as one of the most beautiful parts of Canada. To see it now in these circumstances was unnerving.

His knee had swollen and stiffened; his lip hurt abominably; he was ashamed of himself, and mortally afraid for Ellen. This was a kidnapping, obviously; it must have been planned weeks ahead, and two of the three men looked as though they would stop at nothing. His mind registered automatically that the third man, whom they called Curly, was of a different mettle; a weak point in the team, maybe—but the team was defeatingly strong anyway.

He blamed himself for not doing more, not doing anything when the thing first started; but how did you call for help when the nearest human being was out of earshot? How did you argue with an armed man?

He turned over, sick at heart, and lay down again as the boat gathered speed and the noise of the engine mounted intolerably, thudding deep within his brain.

Towards ten o'clock their speed slowed down, as if they were approaching another lock, or feeling their way along a difficult channel. Greg Perring peered through the porthole again, but he could see nothing except distant shore lights.

The engine slowed further, and then cut out; there was a gentle bump against the hull, and then the cabin door was pulled open, and Dino's voice said: "Get moving!"

They crawled out awkwardly, cramped from long inaction, stiff and cold in their sports clothes. Ellen had nothing but a thin sweater to cover her sun-top. Greg looked round him cautiously. In the moonlight, he had a glimpse of a house.

Dino pushed him roughly in the ribs and said: "Out, you! And no tricks."

Paxton led the way: Ellen and Greg followed him: Dino and Curly Bates formed the rear guard. A rough stone path led to the front door.

Inside, Paxton said: "Draw the curtains, Curly," and when this had been done, he clicked the light-switch.

They might have been anywhere, thought Greg. It was a summer-time sort of room—shabby cane furniture, rough-cast walls, a staircase leading to a wooden gallery above. It had the look of a summer cottage. The windows were thickly curtained.

"All right," said Paxton. He sat down heavily in an armchair, and expelled a long breath. Then he looked at Ellen. "This is it, and you'd better make the best of it. We didn't expect the boy friend, but there's lots of room. If you both behave yourselves, there'll be no trouble."

"What's going to happen?" asked Ellen. In spite of herself, she was trembling, her whole body desperately cold.

PAXTON went on as if he had not heard. "You're on an island. A small island, just about the size of this house. The mainland is two or three miles away, whichever way you look. There's no telephone. The boat has been padlocked. Your windows are boarded up."

"But what's going to happen?" Ellen said. "What do you want?"

"Half a million dollars."

"From my father?"

"Right."

"You'll never get away with it," said Greg.

"That'll be too bad for both of you," Paxton said. "I've written him a note—and you're an educated guy," he added ironically to Greg. "What do you think of this?"

He drew a piece of paper from his pocket, and read: *"We have your girl. She is still alive. We will tell you what to do."*

"Short and sweet," said Dino, in the silence that followed. "When will you send it, Pax?"

"Two or three days. We'll let him sweat first."

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NEXT WEEK: Greg begins to fight back—with his mind

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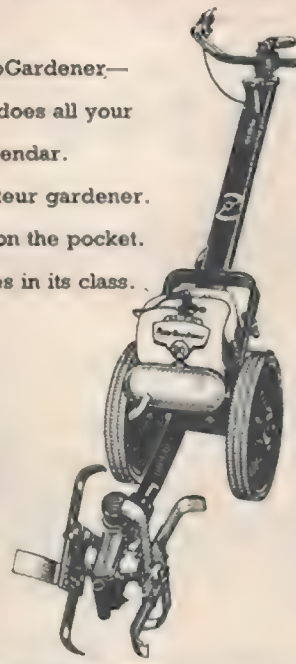

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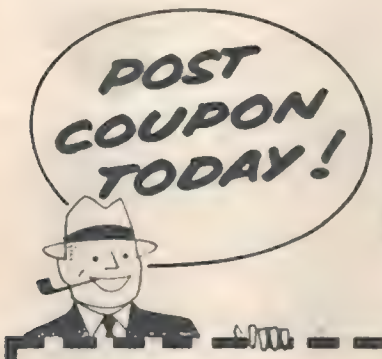

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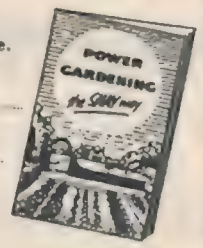

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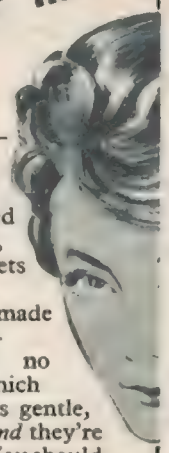

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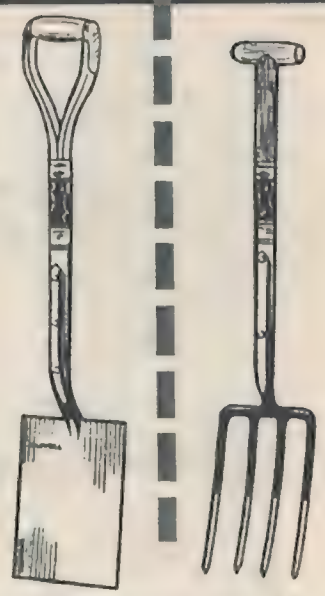

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Flying high

continued from page 15

bits in a Los Angeles junk yard. Tell the French we'll rebuild them."

Selling a whole aeroplane is tough enough, but trying to convince a customer that you'll put scrap together and make it fly at more than four hundred miles an hour is a different matter. Nevertheless, in bad French I started persuading the commandant that he was getting the deal of a lifetime for a mere $2 million.

A fortnight later I stood in the junk yard in Los Angeles. Beside me was a technical engineer from the French Air Force. I don't know which of us felt more uncomfortable as we gazed at the grass growing up through rusty fuselages; a wing here, a rudder and a cockpit there.

Driving back through the warm-scented evening to the swank Beverly Hills Hotel, I talked like mad. We arrived just as a huge Hollywood party was starting. Janet Leigh, Walter Pidgeon and other friends with whom I'd worked, but hadn't seen for years, milled around in the star-packed lobby.

"Are you here to work?" they asked.

"I'm in aviation now," was my answer, as marshalling my customer through the stars and up to my suite, I kept the sales talk going.

Moments such as this, in the period of my life which I call my between years, coming as it did between two phases of my show business career, were always tough; when you are born to the theatre you never get it out of your system.

But I'll never get flying out of my system either, and I was proud when two months later the French Air Force signed one of the most amazing aircraft rebuilding contracts ever known.

During the building of the B26s I flew in South America. When the time for the first test flight came, I returned to California and stayed with Hugh French, then in Los Angeles.

Sharing his house was one of his clients, Michael Rennie. Elizabeth Taylor often dropped in to talk about the home she was building with her second husband, Michael Wilding. Marilyn Monroe, who was Hugh's client, also called to discuss new scripts; she made a charming, if shy-mannered, distraction while I tried to work out the problems of flying the planes on their seven thousand mile delivery flights to France.

The day for the first test flight dawned. Uneasily I drove to the airport, remembering the pieces of scrap from which the plane had been built. At 8 a.m. the powerful ship was towed from the hangar by the boys who had assembled her. In silence Bill Grego, the test pilot, and I donned our electrically heated flying suits and adjusted our parachute harness. Clambering aboard, Grego took the controls.

Cy, the work crew chief, gazed up at us as we strapped ourselves in.

"Good luck!" he said.

I looked across at the stubby, boyish-faced Grego. We were human parts of a plane that had never flown. Slowly both the props turned and then became invisible as with a roar, life came to the engines. Our scrap-pile baby taxied forward under her own power for the first time.

Extensive ground run-up prior to a maiden flight is essential; an unnoticed fault can mean certain death. We checked instrument readings and temperatures. Satisfied, Grego spoke.

"I'm ready, Hughie."

"Glendale Tower; take-off clearance, please," I heard myself say into the radio mike.

"French Air Force Z-zero-zero-three cleared immediate take-off. Good luck!" came the reply.

Cy and his crew watched from the distant hangar, sweating with anxiety. This was the first time that anyone had dared to build a high-speed bomber from junk and try to fly it.

"Let's go," said Grego, and shoved the throttles to the gate, unleashing four thousand horsepower.

Grego hauled back on the control column, turning on the breathing oxygen as we climbed two thousand feet a minute.

Ten thousand feet . . . 12,000; up, up we went. At 15,000 the superchargers came to life. Higher and still higher we climbed. At just over 20,000, Grego hauled back the power and levelled off.

"The son of a gun flies!" he grinned behind his oxygen mask.

Busily I made notes of the instrument readings and wondered what was in store. Ten minutes later, satisfied with the manoeuvres he had carried out, Grego pointed to the cockpit canopy and said: "Check the emergency exit release and check your 'chute. I'm going to see if Cy put the wings on properly!"

My stomach dropped; so did the nose of the plane. Down it went. Right down. The air-speed indicator started turning round: 350 . . . 360 . . . 370. . . . It hit the stop at 450 m.p.h.

Gently, Grego eased the plane out of her dive. We whistled along the ocean beach at zero feet in one of the fastest bits of flying junk in the world.

I piloted five of the B26s across the North Atlantic, the first trip being the worst. Neville was my wireless operator.

The plane had no de-icing gear, so we had to fly high where the temperature was cold enough to prevent ice forming on our plane. On our last ocean hop, from Iceland to Prestwick, Scotland, we flew at 27,000 feet.

Fighting strong headwinds, we skimmed the tops of ice-filled clouds. Navigation was difficult because every time I wanted to do some calculation I had to take my hand out of its electrically heated glove. If you are reading about this in the comfortable, warm security of an armchair on terra firma, no doubt it seems easy, but try

BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES—4

The moustache has never disappeared completely, and it never will. It breaks out as regularly as potato blight, and is revived from time to time in various shapes and forms by young men who will do anything rather than conform.

John B. Sheridan

it some time, strapped to a seat, wearing an oxygen mask and with a cockpit temperature of minus twenty-seven degrees centigrade!

Midway between Iceland and Scotland, as we passed a weather ship, I was suddenly conscious of feeling cold. Awkwardly I turned in my seat to see if my electrically heated flying suit had become unplugged. Worse than that, I found that the fuse for both our suits had blown, and we couldn't replace it in the air.

Snapped off beard

Neville started to feel chilly too. "Position twenty miles south of your station," he radioed to the weather ship. "Height twenty-seven thousand feet and bloody cold."

A cheerful Cockney reply came back. "Don't worry, chum. Our position sea level and bloody rough!"

As we cursed the fuse and the weather, a freezing hour went by. Neville's beard became covered with frost. Playfully, I stretched out my hand to touch it—and to our horror it snapped off in my hand, frozen solid like an icicle.

Landing at Prestwick, we made a sad pair as we staggered past "Mac," the hotel porter who is a famous figure at the airport. Neville had half a beard, and I, the flying actor, had a frost-bitten hand and toes.

The next afternoon, nursing a painful hand, I sat in the officers' mess of the French Air Force at Mont de Marsan, gazing through the pine forests at the distant Pyrénées. The High Court in London, and my law case, were even farther away than those mountains, but I was determined to get to them.

On subsequent trips with the B26s I often had the feeling that an accident was imminent. On every trip there was the knowledge that my wife and family were waiting patiently at home, hoping for my safe return. When I was stuck in Newfoundland on one delivery, my wife called me on the phone from London. Lightheartedly I said: "See you tomorrow!"

Quietly and sincerely she said the words that have passed a thousand lips a thousand times before. "You will take care?"

Early in 1954 I initiated the sale of a merchant shipping fleet in Turkey that eventually went through for $14 million, thus bringing my total of two years' business with Tony's company to $17 million. But my lawyer in London began to want me on hand for my law case, and I gave up my job.

I had a show business offer. It was to M.C. a comedy quiz on Radio Luxembourg called *People Are Funny*. The basic idea was to play practical jokes on contestants, and the programme had already been a success in the States.

I turned the offer down; wisely, I think.

The difference between American and British comedy quiz shows is vast. An American contestant can be pelted with eggs, or thrown into a tank of water, and the audience will fracture themselves laughing. But do the same thing in Britain and the audience immediately cries: "Shame!"

Another idea came my way. My ex-partner, John Beard, who is Edna Best's son, devised a quiz under the title *Double Your Money*. Each time a contestant answered a question correctly, the prize money would be doubled. "The programme will be *ad lib*," he said. "No interviews with the contestants beforehand."

At first I wasn't keen. An unrehearsed show with amateurs can be disastrous.

"It will be recorded," John went on. "If contestants are dull or rude, we can cut them out."

The challenge was so great that I had to accept it.

John was right, of course; sailing ahead without rehearsals gave the show the sparkle of surprise. During the five and a half years that *Double Your Money* has been running on radio and TV, I have never known what answers I will receive.

In 1954 *Double Your Money* first went on Radio Luxembourg for sponsors whose products include a well-known brand of energizing soft drink. Aware of my impending law case, the manager handling the firm's advertising "auditioned" me to see what I looked like, and to find out in what position the sponsors might land themselves by employing this "Bolshie" Green.

Luxury in Texas

The audition was held in the gloomy but highly proper dining-room of a West End hotel. Firmly I stated my reasons for bringing the case, realizing that even as I did so I was probably talking myself out of a job I needed.

"We'll take you," said the manager finally, "but if your position in the public eye after the case is unfavourable, we'll drop you."

It was a fair do, and I'm grateful to say that I still work for the same sponsors who showed faith in me.

After making a trial recording of *Double Your Money*, which was accepted, I picked up a Lodestar in Rome and delivered it to Texas, where I sampled the fabulous luxury of life out there.

The enormously wealthy aircraft and engineering organization to which the plane belonged offered me a job. I was to be a sort of super-salesman, fixing contracts at senior government level. I would have a private plane and a bottomless expense account.

I was loaned a Cadillac to drive around in while I made up my mind. Three days later I thanked the firm for its generosity, but said that I had too many responsibilities in Britain.

I returned to London for the opening of *Double Your Money*, my law case and all the events—tragic, happy, dramatic and hilarious—that followed.

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NEXT WEEK: The four words that made me penniless . . .

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Give your home the spring-time look

New rooms for old

by ROGER SMITHELLS

This was a real-life transformation scene. I could almost watch the Summers family waving a magic wand

WHEN we have been in a house for two or three years we try to remember just what it looked like when we first moved in. It generally looked pretty dreary because we have this habit of falling in love with ruins and white elephants and trying to make something of them. But because the improvements are gradual, it is often difficult to realize how much the place has changed.

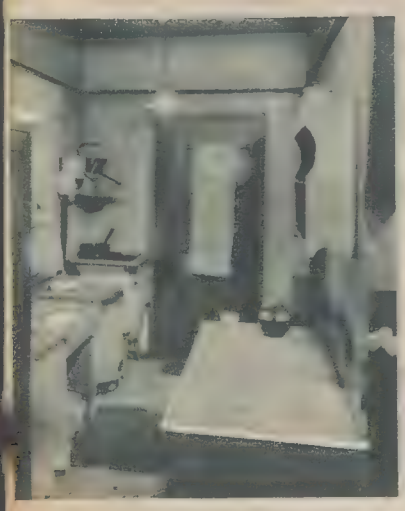
Recently I had the chance to see a transformation which was both sudden and dramatic. Sudden in the sense that I saw a shabby, dull and commonplace house changed into a refreshingly up-to-date home in the twinkling of an eye. Or so it seemed to me, although the change represented three years' work on the part of the Summers family whose home it is.

I first saw the Summers family's three-bedroom semi-detached house as it was when they bought it, furnished and decorated in the old owner's lack-lustre taste. It was much too furnished. There were too many pieces and they were all too big. The decorations included every possible shade of beige; little else. The house was awkwardly arranged; just like a thousand others, only more so.

I did not see the house again until the three-year transformation scheme had been completed. It was hard to believe it was the same house.

Each pair of pictures tells its story and suggests changes of a kind which could be made in any ordinary home. It is rare to be able to show so complete a transformation. And here I must confess that I have cheated. These rooms were the "before" and "after" centrepiece of this year's Furniture Exhibition at Earls Court, London. It was there that I saw the transformation and took these pictures.

THE sitting-room as it was (left). Too much weighty furniture makes the room seem half the size it is. By the time I am drinking coffee with Mrs. Summers in the new room, great changes have been made. The double doors into the dining-room have been removed, to make one spacious room. The ponderous overmantel has gone, though the fireplace remains. The right-hand side of the chimney breast is blocked out and the left painted a dark colour to add interest to its proportions. The low ledge in front of the fireplace gives seating space without clutter. The flagstones taken up from the kitchen floor were used for this. The smart new furniture is smaller and more in proportion. The floor is covered with do-it-yourself Venesta natural plywood flooring squares which continue into the dining-room



SUSAN wanted to use her bedroom as a bed-sitting room. But the existing furniture (left) was for bedroom use only and a dull sort of bedroom at that. First change was a convertible bed-settee to replace the old wooden bedstead. The board floor was sanded and polished and covered with a plain rug. The old wardrobe made a built-in cupboard in the corner, and a curtain covers it and the whole window wall. The ceiling light fitting was replaced with wall and table lamps. The old table is kept as a work table, and looks well in its new surroundings (below)

SEE for yourself the spectacular change in the Summers' kitchen. Before (above), it looked like so many drab kitchens I have seen in out-of-date houses—wasteful of space and unattractively decorated. The marble top of the kitchen washstand was fitted into the enlarged hatch as a bar for informal meals. Two-way storage cupboards were installed underneath. The other side of the kitchen was fitted with space-saving Wrighton "Californian" units, and the Summers bought a new modern Autorange gas cooker. New lighting was installed over stove, sink and work-top, in place of the tiresome centre light which left Mrs. Summers to work in her own shadow. The flagstoned floor, which was cold and difficult to keep clean, was taken up, and replaced with lino-tiles. The marble left over from the washstand after they had made the enlarged hatch was made into a coffee table. After a new coat of paint (white ceiling and fitments, chestnut brown walls) the transformation was complete, and Mrs. Summers' kitchen (left) was a pleasure to work in

Two into one: two small bedrooms, with not quite enough space in each, become one airy room, with separate dressing area

STRUCTURAL alterations came first, when the Summers decided to enlarge their bedroom. They found out that the wall between their room and the small one next to it was not load-bearing, so they decided to knock it down and make the two rooms into one. They removed the wall and blocked up the existing door into their bedroom, leaving the door into the smaller room as the only entrance. Almost everything from these two rooms was sold. The picture rail was removed and beige distemper replaced with Crown's Rose-hip wallpaper, which looks fresh and inviting. Mrs. Summers took down the old curtains and pelmet, and replaced them with new corded velvet ones hanging from a brass pole with enormous bone rings. She also bought, as an extravagance, yards of white gossamer curtaining, and hung it in deep folds against the wall behind the bed, veiling the wallpaper attractively. She hung another length of this curtaining where the old dividing wall had been, to given an illusion of separateness to the dressing area.

An olive brown carpet, one of the new nylon ones, was fitted and Mrs. Summers picked up this colour in the valance she made to go over the under-mattress of the bed. She set it off with a cream candlewick bedspread. The lighting was rearranged to give brightness where really needed, on the bedside tables and over the dressing table

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Give your home the spring-time look

To help your colour scheming

by ROGER SMITHELLS

The early spring sun shines. It makes you feel good; brings back the zest for life which winter may have damped a little. Now you want your home to match your spring mood. You long for fresh stimulating colour to give new life to the old rooms. But where does a colour scheme begin? Many amateur decorators find it difficult to make a start with new colours. Paint manufacturers understand this. Here is information about some of the colour aids they offer which can help to give you confidence when you plan your new spring schemes.

Yours for the asking

Spring in Mayfair. The luxury of having forty-eight colour schemes to choose from! Twenty-four designed to add warmth to rooms facing north or east and the remainder for rooms with a southern or western aspect. In each scheme colours are suggested for walls, ceilings, woodwork and features. Included with this is a booklet of "Recommendations for Painting." This deals with general preparation of surfaces for painting, both interior and exterior. To obtain this information write to the Mayfair Colour Centre, Berger House, Berkeley Sq., London, W.1.

Decorating problems solved. If you have a specific painting problem on which you want expert advice write to Walter Carson & Sons, Ltd., Grove Works, Lombard Road, London, S.W.11.

Mix your own. Walk into a paint shop stocking Robbialac Colorizer and study the Colorizer colour cards which offer a choice of 999 colours. The colour you select by number will be handed to you in tube form with a tin of base paint. Add the contents of the tubes to the base paint to mix your chosen colour. Colour cards, leaflets and Colorizer sample booklets will be sent to you if you write to: Jenson & Nicholson, Ltd., Jensen House, Carpenter's Road, Stratford, London, E.15.

Washable water paint. Soiled painted walls can be washed when they have been painted with an oil-bound water paint such as Walpamur. This sells in paste form in black, white and forty colours, all of which may be mixed to provide a very wide range. The advisory department are always ready to give advice on colour schemes or decorating problems where Walpamur paints are involved. Write to Walpamur Co., Limited, Walpamur Works, Darwen, Lancs.

Modern trends of colour. Pale lilac and elephant grey are among the colours in vogue which have been added to the Valspar lustre finish range this year. A semi-technical booklet on schemes, colour harmony and corrective decorating has been produced by this manufacturer and is available on request. Specific inquiries may be addressed to Valspar at: Goodlass Wall & Co., Ltd., 179-185 Gt. Portland St., London, W.1.

Free colour chips. Individual chips are simple to hold against a surface for matching or contrasting purposes. You can have thirty-nine of these sent to you in a cellophane bag so that a family conference on colour can take a practical turn. Address inquiries to International Paints, Ltd., Grosvenor Gardens House, London, S.W.1.

Books to buy

Some manufacturers have now brought out more elaborate colour planning aids which may be bought inexpensively by direct mail from the manufacturers concerned or from local dealers.

Colour selectors. A local dealer of Brolac paints will show you a colour selector called the Colorvogue album. This includes wonderful clear plates of colour from which you can choose. A smaller booklet selling at 1s. 6d. is packed with colour schemes and ideas, all of which are fully illustrated. These are available from local dealers' of Brolac paints. In case of difficulty write to John Hall & Sons (Bristol and London), Ltd., Hengrove, Bristol, 4.

Consult the comparator. One hundred and thirty-two blocks of colour appear on the Dulux comparator. Each one has a hole in the middle of it and number on the back. Hold the comparator against carpet or furnishings, match the colour, and spear your pencil through the hole. Turn the comparator over and find the number of the colour you want to go with them. Simple, isn't it? This is part of the Colourful Homes booklet which also includes valuable hints on decorating and illustrations which give visual ideas on colour. Available from a Dulux stockist for 3s. In case of difficulty contact I.C.I., Ltd. (Paints Division), Wexham Road, Slough, Bucks.

New leaflet: called "Colour In The Home" also shade cards may be had from Wallcharm, makers of the well-known Jelgloss paint. Write to Colthurst & Harding, Ltd., Bath Road, Bristol.

Twelve new schemes. The personal touch in home decoration is emphasized in the new leaflet by Smith & Walton. Choose from colour schemes for twelve rooms. A colour card is also available. Write to Smith & Walton, Ltd., Haltwhistle, Northumberland.

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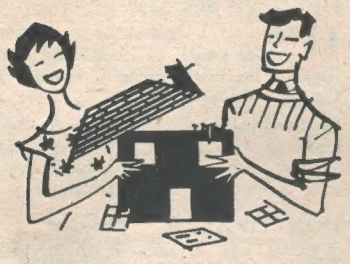
Give your home the spring-time look

Colour is a tonic



says

ROGER SMITHELLS

I HAVE been describing transformations. But perhaps you don't want your home transformed. It may not be quite perfect, but there may not be much wrong with it. It isn't cluttered; it isn't drab; but is it perhaps a little *dull*? What can you do to make it livelier without changing the whole thing?

In a nice, dull home the missing link is often colour contrast. All colour schemes are made up of a combination of colours which either contrast or harmonize. We all know about harmonizing colours which are near together, but not the same. Contrast is not so easily defined. Contrasting colours are not simply colours which are different. Each colour has an opposite number which is complementary to it. When you put two complementary colours together they *both* come to life. Green looks greener and red redder when you put them side by side.

Most dull rooms owe their dullness to too much harmony. This is because many of us are secretly a little afraid of colour. Not knowing which colours contrast happily, and not wanting to make a disastrous and perhaps expensive mistake, we start with a "safe colour," and go on picking other shades to go with it. Result: monotony. What a dull room usually needs to bring it to life is a splash of contrast.

I have made up a simple chart to help you to pick contrasting and harmonizing colours. It is based on the three primary colours, and the other colours in the spectrum which you see in a rainbow, with some of the gradations between them. Lighter shades of these colours follow the same rules. Contrast is also partly a matter of tone. You need only a very small amount of a darker contrasting shade to balance large expanses of a pale shade. A room decorated entirely in shades of duck-egg green and blue could be brought to life with a dash of geranium red in a hearth rug or a pair of cushions. Don't overdo the contrast. Too much of this is just as monotonous as too much harmony. Contrast is the spice in a scheme; use it with discretion.

Colour	Contrast	Harmonies
Purple	Yellow	Maroon. Violet
Violet	Nasturtium	Purple. Blue
Blue	Orange	Violet. Sea Green
Sea Green	Geranium	Blue. Green
Green	Red	Sea Green. Lime Green
Lime Green	Maroon	Green. Yellow
Yellow	Purple	Lime green. Nasturtium
Nasturtium	Violet	Yellow. Orange
Orange	Blue	Nasturtium. Geranium
Geranium	Sea Green	Orange. Red
Red	Green	Geranium. Maroon
Maroon	Lime Green	Red. Purple

Black, white and grey do not figure in this chart, because they will all go with anything. This does not apply to cream, which is a shade of yellow

GOOD WITH WOOD

THE colour of furnishing timber is seldom considered as part of the colour scheme. This is sad, because wood is beautiful, and becomes more so if it is shown to its best advantage. There are many colours which go reasonably well with most woods, but there are also some colours which can actually flatter a particular timber. These are the ones you should pick for backgrounds and upholstery if you have wooden furniture which you love.

Broadly speaking, darker woods are shown off better by light colours, and light woods by dark ones. Here are some notes to help you link your colour schemes with your furniture.

Antique mahogany: This is a reddish wood, so yellowish shades look well with it: yellowish greens, yellow and orange. Avoid plum shades or reds which are too near the colour of the wood to look well.

Modern mahogany: This is lighter than the antique variety and looks well with greenish shades of blue, flame colour and chalk yellow. Avoid lilac colours and pinkish reds.

Walnut: Blue looks good with walnut, both pinkish and greenish shades. Lilac can be attractive, so can yellow. Avoid brown. Don't use yellow, which is too near the wood colour.

Dark oak: With this very dark wood, light bright colours and rich colours show up well; in fact almost any colour looks nice, except the subtler, softer colours, which will look dull.

Light oak: With this pale wood dark green looks good. So do black, midnight blue, olive green, and a rich, reddish brown. Don't use yellow, which is too near the wood colour.

Beech, sycamore, pine, and other very light woods: These woods, which are almost white, can take very subtle variations of colour. Soft olive green looks lovely with them, and so does grey, grey-blue and gunmetal. The brighter browns and terra cotta also look charming, but very light beige or white should be avoided.

Ebonized wood: Any bright colour, or white, looks delightful with this.

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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

I AM a farmer living about two miles from the main road. My three sheepdogs get very excited at traffic and run at vehicles approaching the farm. The postman is very annoyed and often speeds up as the dogs are in front of the van. I know I am responsible if the dogs are killed on the main road—but can I claim damages if they're killed on the farm premises?—B. D., Radnorshire.

● If the driver did not take reasonable precautions to avoid injuring your dogs he could be held liable for damages whether an accident happened on the high road or on the farm.

However, if you permit your dogs to impede the reasonable transit of traffic you may be guilty of contributory negligence, and this would affect any claim you may have.

I HAVE to install either a tiled surround or a stone fireplace. The old wooden overmantel and the fireback have been removed, leaving the brickwork of the chimney exposed. I believe there are certain regulations about this, and wonder what is best for me to do?—A. C. E., Greenford, Middlesex.

● The Coal Utilization Council, 3 Upper Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1, will let you have plans for installation of a fireplace.

It is advisable to check with your local Authority that special bye-laws have been observed.

BOUNDARY BOUNDER

MY neighbour recently erected a wooden fence between our gardens. Now it's started falling to one side and he has propped it up with unsightly planks on our side. His fence is just on the other side of the original wire fence. Can we do anything to make him tidy this up?—W. B., Waltham, Lincolnshire.

● As your neighbour has placed the supporting planks on his own land you cannot make him remove them. The mere fact that they are unsightly gives you no cause for action—until they encroach on your land.

CARAVAN CONTRACT

IF one is letting out a caravan and it is damaged between lettings, has the person who has booked it any claim for breach of contract? Would one have to supply another caravan?—G. L., Baillieston, Lanarkshire.

● It would be obligatory to endeavour to supply another caravan. If you could not do so you could probably claim for the contract to be voided on the grounds of it being impossible to perform.

In such case you would have to return any deposit.

GROW FOR XMAS

I HAVE half an acre of land on which I want to grow spruce trees for sale as Christmas trees. What is the best type to grow, and where can I obtain seedlings? How much would they cost?—A. W., Basingstoke, Hants.

● Spruce trees are raised commercially from seeds grown out of doors in beds of lightish soil. At a few inches high the seedlings are set out in nursery borders in lines.

Those of the common spruce, *Picea abies*, which are grown for Christmas trees, are planted out permanently when three to four feet high. These trees are best in soil which isn't too shallow, as they blow over in the wind.

Your local Agricultural Committee and the Forestry Commission can help you with further details.

BAD RECEPTION

I ARRANGED with a firm to let me try out various television sets before buying one. However, the workmen who came with the first set installed it with an indoor aerial fixed permanently in the attic. It was a bad set, but the firm took no action about demonstrating another. Eventually I asked them to remove it, wanting no more to do with them. They sent another set, which after complaining was removed. Now I've been sent a bill for £2 for time and materials. Am I liable to pay this?—A. D., Canterbury, Kent.

● If the vendor of the set voluntarily agreed to give you a demonstration, and there was no agreement made about charges for erecting or dismantling it if not satisfactory, you have no legal obligation to pay the amount demanded.

HEADING SOUTH

HOW can I find a house somewhere in the south of England? I should like to be fairly near a town.—J. L., County Kilkenny.

● The best way is to write to the town clerk of whichever town you are thinking of and he will give you the name and address of a local agent.

HOW TO STRIP

HOW can I redecorate my sitting-room which is already distempered? I wish to paint the ceiling and paper the walls.—Mrs. U. R., Newtonmore, Inverness.

● Brush or scrape off the loose bits of distemper until the walls are quite smooth, then wash down thoroughly in various changes of water.

When dry apply a thin coat of Walpamur Oil Primer, well thinned with turps substitute. Use it liberally, then, when this has dried hard, apply a coat of size and you are ready to hang your paper.

GOOD TURN GONE WRONG

OUT of pity we took in a young couple who were homeless and stored their furniture until they could find an unfurnished flat. Now I find they have turned down various flats and expect me to keep their furniture indefinitely. What is the legal position about the furniture?—Mrs. M. B., Whalley, Lancashire.

● You should write to the owners of the furniture informing them that unless it is removed by a certain date you will put it in storage and hold them liable for the cost.

If they do not remove it you can send it to be stored and refuse to give possession of it until all costs have been paid.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Non-skid rugs:** Rugs which slip on shiny floors can be a menace. One cure is Keystone non-skid rug netting now available in the carpet stores. This netting, made in various widths, is easily fitted by hand-stitching it at the four corners of the rug. Keystone netting prevents rugs skidding and makes for household safety. Widths for 27-in. rug cost 7s. 6d. per yard, 36 in. rugs at 12s. 6d. per yard, approximately, may also be purchased in rolls of 25 yd. By Frank Stone (Kidderminster), Ltd., Manufacturers, Kidderminster.

● **Stubborn fires:** Coax stubborn fires with the aid of a vacuum cleaner. Reverse the suction pipe to blow, and in a short while the fire will be burning brightly. (Mr. R. Chapman, Chapel-en-le-Frith.)

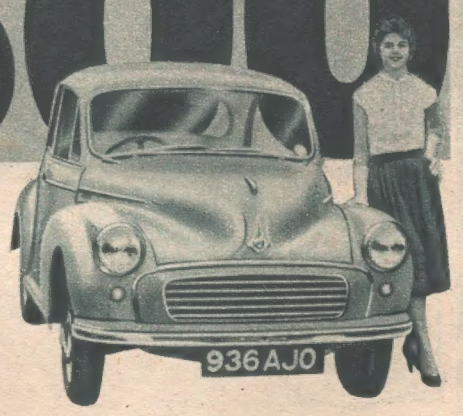
● **Milk safe:** Protect bottled milk from animal contamination and birds pecking at the bottle tops, by using the new "Gip" milk safe. Made of Rigidex ivory coloured polyethylene, this safe has a capacity of three one-pint bottles, with a built-in coloured requirements indicator on the self-falling lid. It will keep milk cool in the summer months by giving protection from the sun's rays. The non-corrosive surface only requires wiping clean with a damp cloth. Price, including Rawlplugs and wood screws for fixing, is £1, including postage and packing. Available from Godiva Industrial Products, Ltd., 170 Fletchamstead Highway, Coventry.

● **Bird cage tip:** To simplify raising the glass side of a bird cage, to replenish the feeding dish, fit a rubber sucker to the outside of the glass. Small rubber suckers may be bought in the shops, or are sometimes found on a child's "bow and suction-tipped arrow" set. Using the sucker as a knob, the glass may be slid up easily. (Mr. E. Mosley, Birmingham.)

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving money-making household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

£1,500



ARRAY of BULLETS AWARDS—POST by TUES., MAR. 31, for this

£850 CAR-plus-CASH

1st Prize for 2, 3 or 4 words

★ Think of the summer days ahead—then win this MORRIS Minor 1000 Saloon (£625 7s.) as part of your £850 Car-plus-Cash First Prize! (Lump sum of £750 if preferred.)

HOW TO WIN

OTHER AWARDS value over £650

WAITING for somebody in this £1,500 *Fun-With-Words* Contest is that superb "Morris 1000" *plus* a fat cheque — *just for a bright comment*. And *you* can be at its wheel by mid-April, with years of motoring joys ahead!

Never made a Bullet? Sample the fun by enjoying the latest winners on this page. Then choose as *your* starting-point any Example from the list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet. Start winning your "Car-plus-Cash" Prize TO-DAY and post your coupon by Easter TUESDAY, March 31.

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, £5, £4, 10 of £3, 250 £1 Presentation Parcels, 2,000 Other Awards and £50 in EXTRAS — see coupon below

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any EXAMPLE

Way To The Summit	The New Aristocracy
Maestro Macmillan	Expecting A Lot
To Help The Aged	Once She Starts
Love's Champagne	More Profitable
Peep Into The Future	Revolting
Bad For Us	In Lonely Splendour
Man In A Car	Rest Assured
The Spring	With A Sheepish Grin
In Unemployment's Desert	Slowly, Reluctantly
Getting Married	Drinking It All In

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Steady, Mr. ..... To Save His .....
Gem Of A..... Robbery At The.....
It's A Big....., But The Sergeant.....And

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,180 result: **£700** plus Paris Week-end, or £750 lump sum: P. R. French, 8 Mount Pleasant Road, Ealing, W.5:

In The Coffee-bar—"Dregs" Getting "Steamed Up"!

£50 P. B. Matravers, 32 Shelone Road, Briton Ferry, Neath: **Frills And Fripperies—Making Easter "Empty Shell"?**

£25 R. Robinson, 13 Regent Street, Longridge, Preston: **The Other Chap—*Inside* Me—The "Outsider"!**

£10 B. Baxter, 54 Devon Street, St. Helens, Lancs: **Flourishing — In *My* Garden — "Blanchflowers"!**

£9 W. F. Howell, 10 West Cottages, West Street, Prittlewell: **The Other Chap—Suppose You *Surpass*, Sour-puss!**

£8 H. Simner, 2D Gibbons Hill Road, Sedgley, Dudley: **Hare-brained Idea—Now Making Millions—Think!**

£7 F. J. Chapman, Little Orchard, Bickington, Barnstaple: **A Miracle—Of *Diplomatic* "Surgery"—Cyprus.**

£6 E. Barlow, 13 Raglan Road, Stretford, Manchester: **Putting The Village On—Map—Planning Its *Removal*!**

£5 G. H. Edwards, Mount Royal, Richmond Hill, Surrey: **A Miracle—When Multitudes Use "*Loaf*".**

£4 A. W. Harris, 15 King Street, Treforest, Pontypridd: **Too Many Children — To Pamper—*Lucky* Kids!**

For ten winners of £3 see *Bullets Bulletin*. 1,600 other Awards have also been posted.

Expert comments on winning Bullets are in "Comp," out Mondays.

EXAMPLE ..... 1s. PER BULLET

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. ..... 5th BULLET FREE WITH 4 PAID

B. .....

EXTRAS value £50 — £50 in Bullets Season Tickets will be shared amongst those of the 20 chief winners whose successful efforts were one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,185 Special Holiday Closing Postmark **TUES., MAR. 31**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 1s. per Bullet or 4s. for complete coupon.

P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

BULLETS HELP STICK 3d. STAMP here for four pages of practical help to success in April 4 *Bulletin*! (For four issues send P.O. 1s.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated April 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 11, for early news of No. 2,185 result.)

POST ENTRY Bullets 2,185, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

NEXT WEEK **GRAND SWISS HOLIDAY OFFER!**

RHEUMATISM

Rheumatic pain can be eased immediately now the new Viodox tablets are available to all . . . through all Chemists. This is a new combination of medicaments resulting from extensive research and development into the relief of rheumatic pain.

VIODOX
TABLETS

For those who are being attacked for the first time there is relief in a matter of minutes . . . for those who have been affected for a longer period—an hour or so is often sufficient for powerful Viodox to work . . . and the comfort of relief is known again. The pain of Rheumatism, Fibrositis, Sciatica, Lumbago and Neuritis—all respond to this new scientific product—Viodox Tablets.

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60 TABLETS 4/10

YOU

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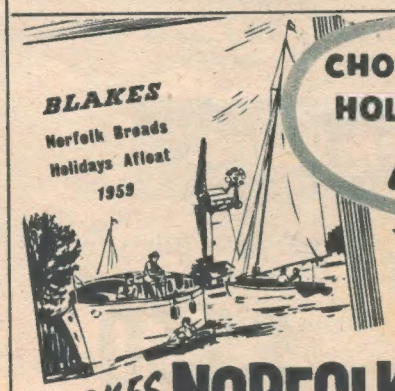

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Thus, the redemption yield grossed up for tax at the present standard rate of 8s. 6d. is as high as £5. 13s. 6d. per cent—with absolute security of capital.

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